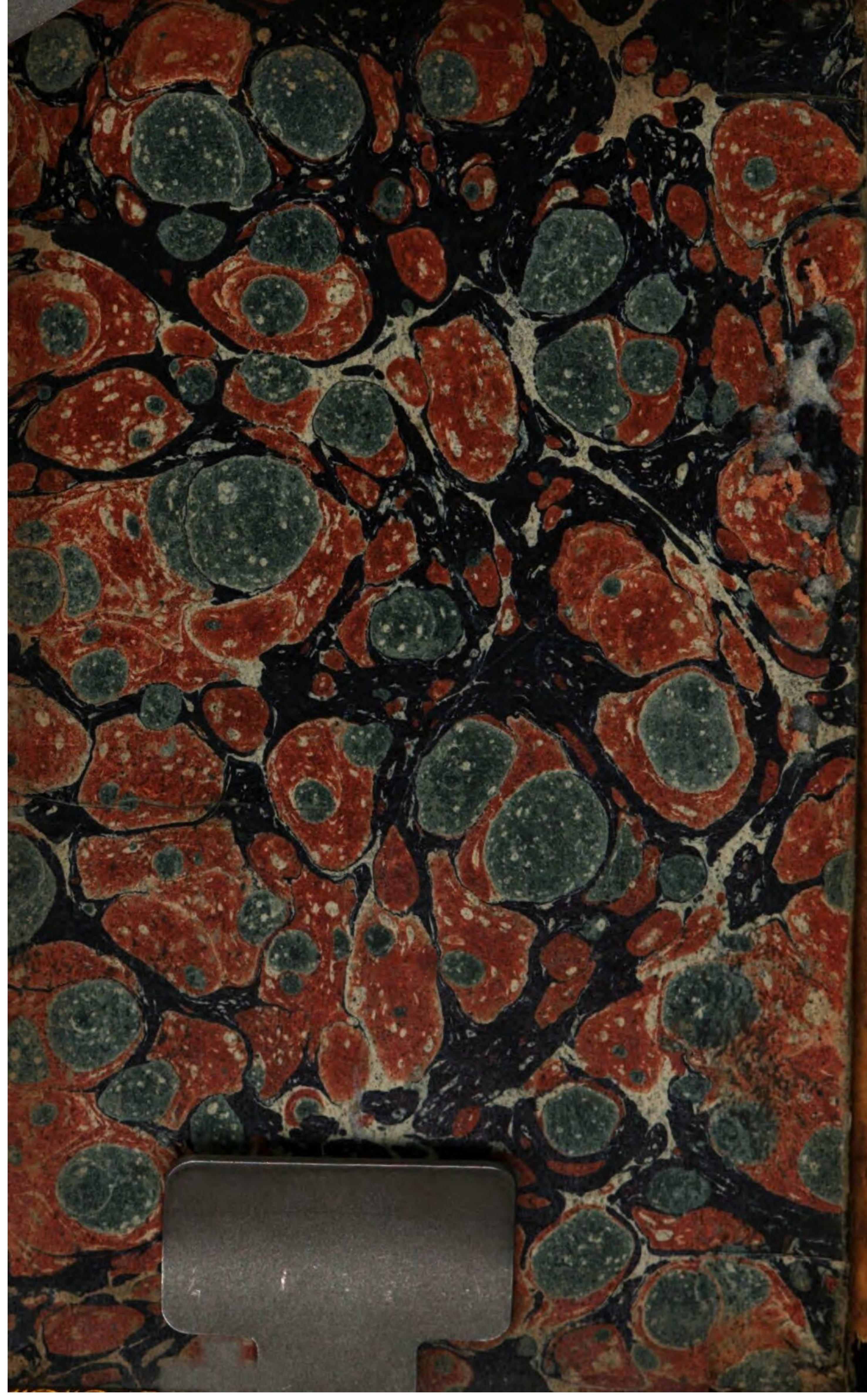
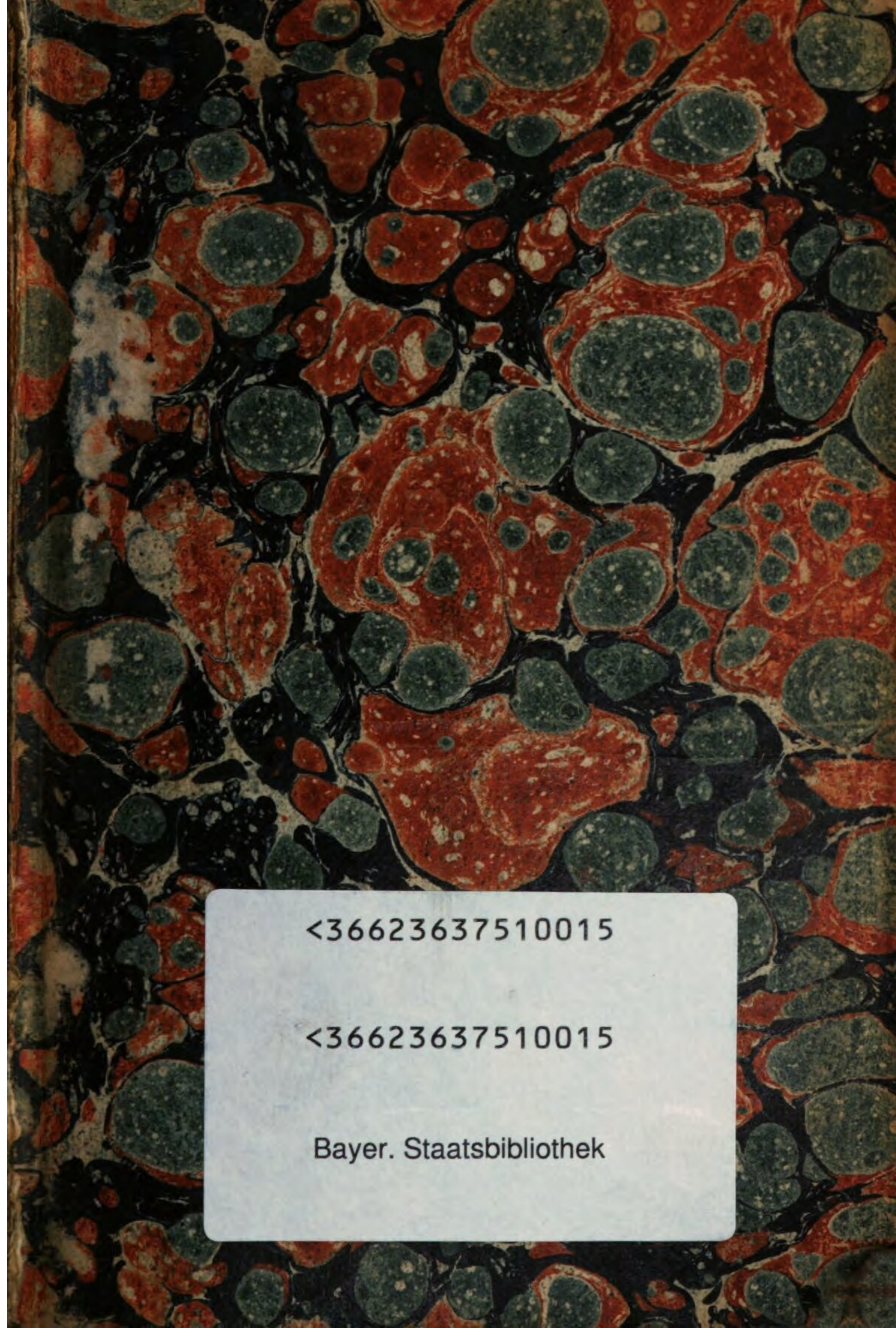








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THE
LIFE OF NELSON.

THE LIFE OF JEFFERSON

THE
LIFE OF NELSON.

THE
LIFE OF NELSON.

Printed by J. F. Dove, St. John's Square.

Lord Nelson's signature on his being made a Lieutenant 11 April 1777.

Horatio Nelson

His ordinary writing before he lost his arm.

Horatio Nelson

*His Signature 1. Sept. 1797 after
the loss of his arm.*

Horatio Nelson

His signature Mar 21. 1800.

On after Nelson of the Nile

His signature in the latter years of his life.

Nelson for ever

THE
LIFE OF NELSON.

BY
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

... "Bursting through the gloom
With radiant glory from thy trophied tomb,
The sacred splendour of thy deathless name
Shall grace and guard thy Country's martial fame.
Far-seen shall blaze the unextinguish'd ray,
A mighty beacon, lighting Glory's way;
With living lustre this proud Land adorn,
And shine, and save, through ages yet unborn."

ULM and TRAFALGAR.

SECOND EDITION.

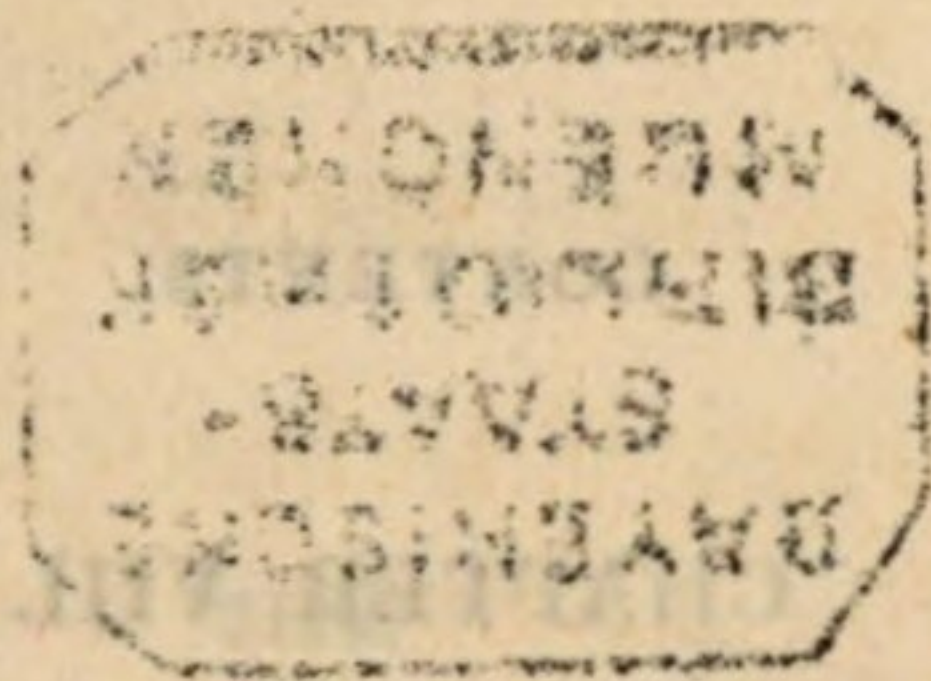
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NELSON's health had suffered greatly while he was in the *Agamemnon*. "My complaint," he said, "is as if a girth were buckled taut over my breast; and my endeavour in the night is to get it loose." After the battle of Cape St. Vincent he felt a little rest to be so essential to his recovery, that he declared he would not continue to

serve longer than the ensuing summer, unless it should be absolutely necessary: for, in his own strong language, he had then been four years and nine months without one moment's repose for body or mind. A few months' intermission of labour he had obtained—not of rest, for it was purchased with the loss of a limb; and the greater part of the time had been a season of constant pain. As soon as his shattered frame had sufficiently recovered for him to resume his duties, he was called to services of greater importance than any on which he had hitherto been employed, and they brought with them commensurate fatigue and care. The anxiety which he endured during his long pursuit of the enemy, was rather changed in its direction, than abated by their defeat: and this constant wakefulness of thought, added to the effect of his wound, and the exertions from which it was not possible for one of so ardent and wide-reaching a mind to spare himself, nearly proved fatal. On his way back to Italy he was seized with fever. For eighteen hours

his life was despaired of; and even when the disorder took a favourable turn, and he was so far recovered as again to appear on deck, he himself thought that his end was approaching,—such was the weakness to which the fever and cough had reduced him. Writing to Earl St. Vincent, on the passage, he said to him, “ I never expect, “ my dear lord, to see your face again. It “ may please God that this will be the “ finish to that fever of anxiety which I “ have endured from the middle of June : “ but be that as it pleases his goodness. I “ am resigned to his will.”

The kindest attentions of the warmest friendship were awaiting him at Naples. “ Come here,” said Sir William Hamilton, “ for God’s sake, my dear friend, as soon as “ the service will permit you. A pleasant “ apartment is ready for you in my house, “ and Emma is looking out for the softest “ pillows, to repose the few wearied limbs “ you have left.” Happy would it have been for Nelson if warm and careful friendship had been all that awaited him there !

He himself saw at that time the character of the Neapolitan court, as it first struck an Englishman, in its true light: and when he was on the way, he declared that he detested the voyage to Naples, and that nothing but necessity could have forced him to it. But never was any hero, on his return from victory, welcomed with more heartfelt joy. Before the battle of Aboukir the court of Naples had been trembling for its existence. The language which the directory held towards it was well described by Sir William Hamilton, as being exactly the language of a highwayman. The Neapolitans were told, that Benevento might be added to their dominions, provided they would pay a large sum, sufficient to satisfy the directory; and they were warned, that if the proposal were refused, or even if there were any delay in accepting it, the French would revolutionize all Italy. The joy, therefore, of the court at Nelson's success, was in proportion to the dismay from which that success relieved them. The queen was a daughter of Maria Theresa,

and sister of Marie Antoinette. Had she been the wisest and gentlest of her sex, it would not have been possible for her to have regarded the French without hatred and horror: and the progress of revolutionary opinions, while it perpetually reminded her of her sister's fate, excited no unreasonable apprehensions for her own. Her feelings, naturally ardent, and little accustomed to restraint, were excited to the highest pitch when the news of the victory arrived. Lady Hamilton, her constant friend and favourite, who was present, says, "It is not possible to describe her transports: she wept, she kissed her husband, her children, walked frantically about the room, burst into tears again, and again kissed and embraced every person near her; exclaiming, 'O brave Nelson! O God! bless and protect our brave deliverer! O Nelson! Nelson! what do we not owe you! O conqueror—saviour of Italy! O that my sworn heart could now tell him personally what we owe to him.'" She herself wrote to the Neapolitan am-

bassador at London upon the occasion, in terms which shew the fulness of her joy, and the height of the hopes which it had excited. “I wish I could give wings,” said she, “to the bearer of the news, and, “at the same time, to our most sincere “gratitude. The whole of the sea-coast “of Italy is saved; and this is owing alone “to the generous English. This battle, or “to speak more correctly, this total defeat “of the regicide squadron, was obtained “by the valour of this brave admiral, “conded by a navy which is the terror of “its enemies. The victory is so complete, “that I can still scarcely believe it: and if “it were not the brave English nation, “which is accustomed to perform prodigies “by sea, I could not persuade myself that “it had happened. It would have moved “you to have seen all my children, boys and “girls, hanging on my neck, and crying for “joy at the happy news.—Recommend the “hero to his master: he has filled the “whole of Italy with admiration of the “English. Great hopes were entertained

“ of some advantages being gained by his
“ bravery, but no one could look for so
“ total a destruction. All here are drunk
“ with joy.”

Such being the feelings of the royal family, it may well be supposed with what delight, and with what honours, Nelson would be welcomed. Early on the 22d of September, the poor wretched Vanguard, as he called his shattered vessel, appeared in sight of Naples. The Culloden, and Alexander had preceded her by some days, and given notice of her approach. Many hundred boats and barges were ready to go forth and meet him, with music and streamers, and every demonstration of joy and triumph. Sir William and Lady Hamilton led the way in their state barge. They had seen Nelson only for a few days four years ago, but they then perceived in him that heroic spirit which was now so fully and gloriously manifested to the world. Emma Lady Hamilton, who from this time so greatly influenced his future life, was a woman whose personal accomplishments

have seldom been equalled, and whose powers of mind were not less fascinating than her person. She was passionately attached to the queen: and by her influence the British fleet had obtained those supplies at Syracuse, without which, Nelson always asserted, the battle of Aboukir could not have been fought. During the long interval which passed before any tidings were received, her anxiety had been hardly less than that of Nelson himself, while pursuing an enemy of whom he could obtain no information: and when the tidings were brought her by a joyful bearer open-mouthed, its effect was such, that she fell like one who had been shot. She and Sir William had literally been made ill by their hopes and fears, and joy at a catastrophe so far exceeding all that they had dared to hope for. Their admiration for the hero necessarily produced a degree of proportionate gratitude and affection; and when their barge came alongside the Vanguard, at the sight of Nelson, Lady Hamilton sprang up the ship's side, and exclaiming,

“ O God! is it possible!” fell into his arms, more, he says, like one dead than alive. He described the meeting as “ terribly affecting.” These friends had scarcely recovered from their tears, when the king, who went out to meet him three leagues in the royal barge, came on board and took him by the hand, calling him his deliverer and preserver; from all the boats around he was saluted with the same appellations; the multitude who surrounded him when he landed, repeated the same enthusiastic cries; and the lazzaroni displayed their joy by holding up birds in cages, and giving them their liberty as he passed.

His birth-day, which occurred a week after his arrival, was celebrated with one of the most splendid fêtes ever beheld at Naples. But, notwithstanding the splendour with which he was encircled, and the flattering honours with which all ranks welcomed him, Nelson was fully sensible of the depravity, as well as weakness, of those by whom he was surrounded. “ What precious moments,” said he, “ the courts

“ of Naples and Vienna are losing ! Three
“ months would liberate Italy ! but this
“ court is so enervated, that the happy mo-
“ ment will be lost. I am very unwell ; and
“ their miserable conduct is not likely to
“ cool my irritable temper. It is a country
“ of fiddlers and poets, whores and scoun-
“ drels.” This sense of their ruinous weak-
ness he always retained ; nor was he ever
blind to the mingled folly and treachery of
the Neapolitan ministers, and the compli-
cation of iniquities under which the country
groaned : but he insensibly, under the in-
fluence of Lady Hamilton, formed an affec-
tion for the court, to whose misgovernment
the miserable condition of the country was
so greatly to be imputed.

The state of Naples may be described in
few words. The king was one of the Span-
ish Bourbons. As the Cæsars have shewn
us to what wickedness the moral nature of
princes may be perverted, so in this family,
the degradation to which their intellectual
nature can be reduced, has been not less
conspicuously evinced. Ferdinand, like the

rest of his race, was passionately fond of field sports, and cared for nothing else. His queen had all the vices of the house of Austria, with little to mitigate, and nothing to ennoble them ;—provided she could have her pleasures, and the king his sports, they cared not in what manner the revenue was raised or administered. Of course a system of favouritism existed at court, and the vilest and most impudent corruption prevailed in every department of state, and in every branch of administration, from the highest to the lowest. It is only the institutions of Christianity, and the vicinity of better regulated states, which prevent kingdoms, under such circumstances of misrule, from sinking into a barbarism like that of Turkey. A sense of better things was kept alive in some of the Neapolitans by literature, and by their intercourse with happier countries. These persons naturally looked to France, at the commencement of the revolution; and, during all the horrors of that revolution, still cherished a hope, that, by the aid of France, they might be enabled to

establish a new order of things in Naples. They were grievously mistaken in supposing that the principles of liberty would ever be supported by France, but they were not mistaken in believing that no government could be worse than their own; and, therefore, they considered any change as desirable. In this opinion men of the most different characters agreed. Many of the nobles, who were not in favour, wished for a revolution, that they might obtain the ascendancy to which they thought themselves entitled: men of desperate fortunes desired it, in the hope of enriching themselves; knaves and intriguers sold themselves to the French, to promote it; and a few enlightened men, and true lovers of their country, joined in the same cause, from the purest and noblest motives. All these were confounded under the common name of Jacobins; and the Jacobins of the continental kingdoms were regarded by the English with more hatred than they deserved. They were classed with Philippe Egalite, Marat, and Hebert;—whereas

they deserved rather to be ranked, if not with Locke, and Sidney, and Russel, at least with Argyle and Monmouth, and those who, having the same object as the prime movers of our own revolution, failed in their premature, but not unworthy attempt.

No circumstances could be more unfavourable to the best interests of Europe, than those which placed England in strict alliance with the superannuated and abominable governments of the continent. The subjects of those governments who wished for freedom, thus became enemies to England, and dupes and agents of France. They looked to their own grinding grievances, and did not see the danger with which the liberties of the world were threatened: England, on the other hand, saw the danger in its true magnitude, but was blind to these grievances, and found herself compelled to support systems which had formerly been equally the object of her abhorrence and her contempt. This was the state of Nelson's mind: he knew that there

could be no peace for Europe till the pride of France was humbled, and her strength broken; and he regarded all those who were the friends of France as traitors to the common cause, as well as to their own individual sovereigns. There are situations in which the most opposite and hostile parties may mean equally well, and yet act equally wrong. The court of Naples, unconscious of committing any crime by continuing the system of misrule to which they had succeeded, conceived that, in maintaining things as they were, they were maintaining their own rights, and preserving the people from such horrors as had been perpetrated in France. The Neapolitan revolutionists thought that, without a total change of system, any relief from the present evils was impossible, and they believed themselves justified in bringing about that change by any means. Both parties knew that it was the fixed intention of the French to revolutionize Naples. The revolutionists supposed that it was for the purpose of establishing a free government:

the court, and all disinterested persons, were perfectly aware that the enemy had no other object than conquest and plunder.

The battle of the Nile shook the power of France. Her most successful general, and her finest army, were blocked up in Egypt,—hopeless, as it appeared, of return; and the government was in the hands of men without talents, without character, and divided among themselves. Austria, whom Buonaparte had terrified into a peace, at a time when constancy on her part would probably have led to his destruction, took advantage of the crisis to renew the war. Russia also was preparing to enter the field with unbroken forces; led by a general, whose extraordinary military genius would have entitled him to an high and honourable rank in history, if it had not been sullied by all the ferocity of a barbarian. Naples seeing its destruction at hand, and thinking that the only means of averting it was by meeting the danger, after long vacillations, which were produced by the

fears and weakness and treachery of its council, agreed at last to join this new coalition with a numerical force of 80,000 men. Nelson told the king, in plain terms, that he had his choice, either to advance, trusting to God for his blessing on a just cause, and prepared to die sword in hand, —or to remain quiet, and be kicked out of his kingdom :—one of these things must happen. The king made answer, he would go on, and trust in God and Nelson ; and Nelson, who would else have returned to Egypt, for the purpose of destroying the French shipping in Alexandria, gave up his intention at the desire of the Neapolitan court, and resolved to remain on that station, in the hope that he might be useful to the movements of the army. He suspected also, with reason, that the continuance of his fleet was so earnestly requested, because the royal family thought their persons would be safer, in case of any mishap, under the British flag, than under their own.

His first object was the recovery of Mal-

ta ; an island which the King of Naples pretended to claim. The Maltese, whom the villainous knights of their order had betrayed to France, had taken up arms against their rapacious invaders, with a spirit and unanimity worthy the highest praise. They blockaded the French garrison by land, and a small squadron, under Capt. Ball, began to blockade them by sea, on the 12th of October. Twelve days afterwards Nelson arrived, and the little island of Gozo, dependent upon Malta, which had also been seized and garrisoned by the French, capitulated soon after his arrival, and was taken possession of by the British, in the name of his Sicilian Majesty, —a power who had no better claim to it than France. Having seen this effected, and reinforced Capt. Ball, he left that able officer to perform a most arduous and important part, and returned himself to co-operate with the intended movements of the Neapolitans.

General Mack was at the head of the Neapolitan troops :—all that is now doubt-

ful concerning this man is whether he was a coward or a traitor:—at that time he was assiduously extolled as a most consummate commander, to whom Europe might look for deliverance: and when he was introduced by the king and queen to the British admiral, the queen said to him, “Be to us by land, general, what my hero Nelson has been by sea.” Mack, on his part, did not fail to praise the force which he was appointed to command: “It was,” he said, “the finest army in Europe.” Nelson agreed with him that there could not be finer men: but when the general, at a review, so directed the operations of a mock fight, that, by an unhappy blunder, his own troops were surrounded instead of those of the enemy, he turned to his friends, and exclaimed, with bitterness that, the fellow did not understand his business. Another circumstance, not less characteristic, confirmed Nelson in his judgment. “General Mack,” said he, in one of his letters, “cannot move without five carriages! I

“ have formed my opinion. I heartily
“ pray I may be mistaken.”

While Mack, at the head of 32,000 men, marched into the Roman state, 5000 Neapolitans were embarked on board the British and Portuguese squadron, to take possession of Leghorn. This was effected without opposition; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose neutrality had been so outrageously violated by the French, was better satisfied with the measure than some of the Neapolitans themselves. Naselli, their general, refused to seize the French vessels at Leghorn, because he, and the Duke di Sangro, who was ambassador at the Tuscan court, maintained that the King of Naples was not at war with France. “ What !” said Nelson, “ has not the king received, “ as a conquest made by him, the republican flag taken at Gozo ? Is not his own “ flag flying there, and at Malta, not only “ by his permission, but by his order ? Is “ not his flag shot at every day by the “ French, and their shot returned from

“batteries which bear that flag? Are not
“two frigates and a corvette placed under
“my orders ready to fight the French,
“meet them where they may? Has not the
“king sent publicly from Naples guns,
“mortars, &c. with officers and artillery,
“against the French in Malta? If these
“acts are not tantamount to any written
“paper, I give up all knowledge of what
“is war.” This reasoning was of less
avail than argument addressed to the general’s fears. Nelson told him, that if he permitted the many hundred French who were then in the mole to remain neutral, till they had a fair opportunity of being active, they had one sure resource, if all other schemes failed, which was, to set one vessel on fire; the mole would be destroyed, probably the town also; and the port ruined for twenty years. This representation made Naselli agree to the half measure of laying an embargo on the vessels:—among them were a great number of French privateers, some of which were of such force as to threaten the greatest mis-

chief to our commerce, and about seventy sail of vessels belonging to the Ligurian republic, as Genoa was now called, laden with corn, and ready to sail for Genoa and France; where their arrival would have expedited the entrance of more French troops into Italy. “The general,” said Nelson, “saw, I believe, the consequence “of permitting these vessels to depart in “the same light as myself: but there is “this difference between us: he prudently, “and certainly safely, waits the orders of “his court, taking no responsibility upon “himself; I act from the circumstances “of the moment, as I feel may be most advantageous for the cause which I serve, “taking all responsibility on myself.” It was in vain to hope for any thing vigorous or manly from such men as Nelson was compelled to act with. The crews of the French ships and their allies were ordered to depart in two days. Four days elapsed, and nobody obeyed the order; nor, in spite of the representations of the British minister, Mr. Wyndham, were any means taken

to enforce it:—the true Neapolitan shuffle, as Nelson called it, took place on all occasions. After an absence of ten days, he returned to Naples: and receiving intelligence there, from Mr. Wyndham, that the privateers were at last to be disarmed, the corn landed, and the crews sent away, he expressed his satisfaction at the news in characteristic language, saying, “So far I
“ am content. The enemy will be distress-
“ ed; and, thank God, I shall get no mo-
“ ney. The world, I know, think that
“ money is our God; and now they will be
“ undeceived as far as relates to us. Down,
“ down with the French! is my constant
“ prayer.”

Odes, sonnets, and congratulatory poems, of every description, were poured in upon Nelson, on his arrival at Naples. An Irish Franciscan, who was one of the poets, not being content with panegyric upon this occasion, ventured upon a flight of prophecy, and predicted, that Lord Nelson would take Rome with his ships. His lordship reminded Father M'Cormick, that

ships could not ascend the Tiber: but the father, who had probably forgotten this circumstance, met the objection with a bold front, and declared he saw that it would come to pass notwithstanding. Rejoicings of this kind were of short duration. The King of Naples was with the army which had entered Rome; but the castle of St. Angelo was held by the French, and 13,000 French were strongly posted in the Roman states at Castallana. Mack had marched against them with 20,000 men. Nelson saw that the event was doubtful;—or rather, that there could be very little hope of the result. But the immediate fate of Naples, as he well knew, hung upon the issue. “If Mack is defeated,” said he, “in fourteen days this country is lost; for the emperor has not yet moved his army, and Naples has not the power of resisting the enemy. It was not a case for choice, but of necessity, which induced the king to march out of his kingdom, and not wait till the French had collected a force sufficient to drive him out of it in a week.”

He had no reliance upon the Neapolitan officers; who, as he described them, seemed frightened at a drawn sword or a loaded gun; and he was perfectly aware of the consequences which the sluggish movements and deceitful policy of the Austrians were likely to bring down upon themselves, and all their continental allies. “A delayed war, on the part of the emperor,” said he, writing to the British minister at Vienna, “will be destructive to this monarchy of Naples; and, of course, to the newly-acquired dominions of the emperor in Italy. Had the war commenced in September or October, all Italy would, at this moment, have been liberated. This month is worse than the last: the next will render the contest doubtful; and, in six months, when the Neapolitan republic will be organized, armed, and with its numerous resources called forth, the emperor will not only be defeated in Italy, but will totter on his throne at Vienna. *Down, down with the French!* ought to be written in the

“ council-room of every country in the
“ world : and may Almighty God give
“ right thoughts to every sovereign, is my
“ constant prayer !” His perfect foresight
of the immediate event was clearly shewn
in this letter, when he desired the ambas-
sador to assure the empress, (who was a
daughter of the house of Naples) that, not-
withstanding the councils which had shaken
the throne of her father and mother, he would
remain there, ready to save their persons,
and her brothers and sisters ; and that he
had also left ships at Leghorn, to save
the lives of the grand duke and her sister :
“ For all,” said he, “ must be a republic,
“ if the emperor does not act with expe-
“ dition and vigour.”

His fears were soon verified. “ The
“ Neapolitian officers,” said Nelson, “ did
“ not lose much honour, for God knows
“ they had not much to lose ;—but they lost
“ all they had.” General St. Philip com-
manded the right wing, of 19,000 men.
He fell in with 3,000 of the enemy ; and,
as soon as he came near enough, deserted

to them. One of his men had virtue enough to level a musket at him, and shot him through the arm; but the wound was not sufficient to prevent him from joining with the French in pursuit of his own countrymen. Cannon, tents, baggage, and military chest, were all forsaken by the runaways, though they lost only forty men: for the French, having put them to flight, and got possession of every thing, did not pursue an army of more than three times their own number. The main body of the Neapolitans, under Mack, did not behave better. The king returned to Naples; where every day brought with it the tidings of some new disgrace from the army, and the discovery of some new treachery at home; till, four days after his return, the general sent him advice, that there was no prospect of stopping the progress of the enemy, and that the royal family must look to their own personal safety. The state of the public mind at Naples was such, at this time, that neither the British minister, nor the British admiral, thought it prudent to appear at

court. Their motions were watched ; and the revolutionists had even formed a plan for seizing and detaining them as hostages, to prevent any attack on the city after the French should have taken possession of it. A letter, which Nelson addressed at this time to the first lord of the admiralty, shews in what manner he contemplated the possible issue of the storm. It was in these words :—“ My dear lord, There is an old
“ saying, that when things are at the worst
“ they must mend :—now the mind of man
“ cannot fancy things worse than they are
“ here. But, thank God ! my health is
“ better, my mind never firmer, and my
“ heart in the right trim to comfort, relieve,
“ and protect those whom it is my duty to
“ afford assistance to. Pray, my lord, as-
“ sure our gracious sovereign, that, while
“ I live, I will support his glory ; and
“ that, if I fall, it shall be in a manner
“ worthy of your lordship’s faithful and
“ obliged Nelson. I must not write more.
“ Every word may be a text for a long
“ letter.”

Meantime Lady Hamilton arranged every thing for the removal of the royal family. This was conducted, on her part, with the greatest address, and without suspicion, because she had been in habits of constant correspondence with the queen. It was known, that the removal could not be effected without danger; for the mob, and especially the lazzaroni, were attached to the king: and as, at this time, they felt a natural presumption in their own numbers and strength, they insisted that he should not leave Naples. Several persons fell victims to their fury: among others was a messenger from Vienna, whose body was dragged under the windows of the palace in the king's sight. The king and queen spoke to the mob, and pacified them; but it would not have been safe, while they were in this agitated state, to have embarked the effects of the royal family openly. Lady Hamilton, like a heroine of modern romance, explored, with no little danger, a subterraneous passage, leading from the palace to the sea-side: through this pas-

sage, the royal treasures, the choicest pieces of painting and sculpture, and other property, to the amount of two millions and a half, were conveyed to the shore, and stowed safely on board the English ships. On the night of the 21st, at half-past eight, Nelson landed, brought out the whole royal family, embarked them in three barges, and carried them safely, through a tremendous sea, to the Vanguard. Notice was then immediately given to the British merchants, that they would be received on board any ship in the squadron. Their property had previously been embarked in transports. Two days were passed in the bay, for the purpose of taking such persons on board as required an asylum; and, on the night of the 23d, the fleet sailed. The next day a more violent storm arose than Nelson had ever before encountered. On the 25th, the youngest of the princes was taken ill, and died in lady Hamilton's arms. During this whole trying season, Lady Hamilton waited upon the royal family with the zeal of the most devoted servant, at a

time when, except one man, no person belonging to the court assisted them.

On the morning of the 26th the royal family were landed at Palermo. It was soon seen that their flight had not been premature. Prince Pignatelli, who had been left as vicar-general and viceroy, with orders to defend the kingdom to the last rock in Calabria, sent plenipotentiaries to the French camp before Capua; and they, for the sake of saving the capital, signed an armistice, by which the greater part of the kingdom was given up to the enemy: a cession that necessarily led to the loss of the whole. This was on the 10th of January. The French advanced towards Naples. Mack, under pretext of taking shelter from the fury of the lazzaroni, fled to the French general Championet, who sent him under an escort to Milan: but, as France hoped for farther services from this wretched traitor, it was thought prudent to treat him apparently as a prisoner of war. The Neapolitan army disappeared in a few days: of the men, some following

their officers, deserted to the enemy: the greater part took the opportunity of disbanding themselves. The lazzaroni proved true to their country: they attacked the enemy's advanced posts, drove them in, and were not dispirited by the murderous defeat which they suffered from the main body. Flying into the city, they continued to defend it, even after the French had planted their artillery in the principal streets. Had there been a man of genius to have directed their enthusiasm, or had there been any correspondent feelings in the higher ranks, Naples might have set a glorious example to Europe, and have proved the grave of every Frenchman who entered it. But the vices of the government had extinguished all other patriotism than that of a rabble, who had no other virtue than that sort of loyalty, which was like the fidelity of a dog to its master. This fidelity the French and their adherents counteracted by another kind of devotion: the priests affirmed, that St. Januarius had declared in favour of the revolution. The

miracle of his blood was performed with the usual success, and more than usual effect, on the very evening when, after two days of desperate fighting, the French obtained possession of Naples. A French guard of honour was stationed at his church. Championet gave, “Respect for St. Janu-
“arius!” as the word for the army; and the next day *Te Deum* was sung by the archbishop, in the cathedral; and the inhabitants were invited to attend the ceremony, and join in thanksgiving for the glorious entry of the French; who, it was said, being under the peculiar protection of Providence, had regenerated the Neapolitans, and were come to establish and consolidate their happiness.

It seems to have been Nelson’s opinion, that the Austrian cabinet regarded the conquest of Naples with complacency, and that its measures were directed so as designedly not to prevent the French from overrunning it. That cabinet was assuredly capable of any folly and of any baseness: and it is not improbable that, at this time,

calculating upon the success of the new coalition, it indulged a dream of adding extensively to its former Italian possessions; and, therefore, left the few remaining powers of Italy to be overthrown, as a means which would facilitate its own ambitious views. The King of Sardinia, finding it impossible longer to endure the exactions of France, and the insults of the French commissary, went to Leghorn, embarked on board a Danish frigate, and sailed, under British protection, to Sardinia—that part of his dominions, which the maritime supremacy of England rendered a secure asylum. On his arrival he published a protest against the conduct of France; declaring, upon the faith and word of a king, that he had never infringed, even in the slightest degree, the treaties which he had made with the French republic. Tuscany was soon occupied by French troops: a fate which bolder policy might, perhaps, have failed to avert, but which its weak and timid neutrality rendered inevitable. Nelson began to fear

even for Sicily. "Oh, my dear sir," said he, writing to Commodore Duckworth, "one thousand English troops would save Messina,—and I fear General Stuart cannot give me men to save this most important island!" But his representations were not lost upon Sir Charles Stuart: this officer hastened immediately from Minorca, with a thousand men, assisted in the measures of defence which were taken, and did not return before he had satisfied himself, that if the Neapolitans were excluded from the management of affairs, and the spirit of the peasantry properly directed, Sicily was safe. Before his coming, Nelson had offered the king, if no resources should arrive, to defend Messina with the ship's company of an English man of war.

Russia had now entered into the war. Corfu surrendered to a Russian and Turkish fleet, acting now, for the first time, in strange confederacy; yet against a power which was certainly the common and worst enemy of both. Troubridge, having given up the blockade of Alexandria to Sir Sid-

ney Smith, joined Nelson, bringing with him a considerable addition of strength; and in himself, what Nelson valued more, a man, upon whose sagacity, indefatigable zeal, and inexhaustible resources, he could place full reliance. Troubridge was intrusted to commence the operations against the French in the bay of Naples:—meanwhile Cardinal Ruffo, a man of questionable character, but of a temper fitted for such times, having landed in Calabria, raised what he called a Christian army, composed of the best and the vilest materials; loyal peasants, enthusiastic priests and friars, galley slaves, the emptying of the jails, and banditti. The islands in the bay of Naples were joyfully delivered up by the inhabitants, who were in a state of famine already, from the effect of this baleful revolution. Troubridge distributed among them all his flour; and Nelson pressed the Sicilian court incessantly for supplies; telling them, that £10,000. given away in provisions, would, at this time, purchase a kingdom. Money, he was told,

they had not to give; and the wisdom and integrity which might have supplied its want, were not to be found. "There is nothing," said he, "which I propose, that is not, as far as orders go, implicitly complied with: but the execution is dreadful, and almost makes me mad. My desire to serve their majesties faithfully, as is my duty, has been such, that I am almost blind and worn out; and cannot, in my present state, hold much longer."

Before any government can be overthrown by the consent of the people, the government must be intolerably oppressive, or the people thoroughly corrupted. Bad as the misrule at Naples had been, its consequences had been felt far less there than in Sicily; and the peasantry had that attachment to the soil, which gives birth to so many of the noblest, as well as of the happiest feelings. In all the islands the people were perfectly frantic with joy, when they saw the Neapolitan colours hoisted. At Procida, Troubridge could not procure even a rag of the tri-coloured

flag to lay at the king's feet ;—it was rent into ten thousand pieces by the inhabitants, and entirely destroyed. “ The horrid treatment of the French,” he said, “ had made “ them mad.” It exasperated the ferocity of a character, which neither the laws nor the religion under which they lived tended to mitigate. Their hatred was especially directed against the Neapolitan revolutionists ; and the fishermen, in concert among themselves, chose each his own victim, whom he would stiletto when the day of vengeance should arrive. The head of one was sent off one morning to Troubridge, with his basket of grapes for breakfast ;—and a note from the Italian, who had, what he called, the glory of presenting it ; saying, he had killed the man as he was running away, and begging his excellency to accept the head, and consider it as a proof of the writer's attachment to the crown. With the first successes of the court the work of punishment began. The judge at Ischia said it was necessary to have a bishop to degrade the traitorous priests

before he could execute them : upon which Troubridge had advised him to hang them first, and send them to him afterwards, if he did not think that degradation sufficient. This was said with the straightforward feeling of a sailor, who cared as little for canon law as he knew about it ; but when he discovered that the judge's orders were to go through the business in a summary manner, under his sanction, he told him at once, that could not be, for the prisoners were not British subjects ; and he declined having any thing to do with it. There were manifestly persons about the court, who, while they thirsted for the pleasure of vengeance, were devising how to throw the odium of it upon the English. They wanted to employ an English man of war to carry the priests to Palermo, for degradation, and then bring them back for execution ;—and they applied to Troubridge for a hangman, which he indignantly refused. He, meantime, was almost heart-broken by the situation in which he found himself. He had pro-

mised relief to the islanders, relying upon the queen's promise to him. He had distributed the whole of his private stock,—there was plenty of grain at Palermo, and in its neighbourhood, and yet none was sent him : the enemy, he complained, had more interest there than the king ; and the distress for bread, which he witnessed, was such, he said, that it would move even a Frenchman to pity.

Nelson's mind was not in a happier state respecting public affairs. "As to politics," said he, "at this time they are my abomination : the ministers of kings and princes are as great scoundrels as ever lived. The brother of the emperor is just going to marry the great Something of Russia, and it is more than expected that a kingdom is to be found for him in Italy, and that the King of Naples will be sacrificed." Had there been a wise and manly spirit in the Italian states, or had the conduct of Austria been directed by any thing like a principle of honour, a more favourable opportunity could not have been desired, for

restoring order and prosperity in Europe, than the misconduct of the French directory at this time afforded. But Nelson saw selfishness and knavery wherever he looked; and even the pleasure of seeing a cause prosper, in which he was so zealously engaged, was poisoned by his sense of the rascality of those with whom he was compelled to act. At this juncture intelligence arrived that the French fleet had escaped from Brest, under cover of a fog, passed Cadiz unseen by Lord Keith's squadron, in hazy weather, and entered the Mediterranean. It was said to consist of 24 sail of the line, six frigates, and three sloops. The object of the French was to liberate the Spanish fleet, form a junction with them, act against Minorca and Sicily, and overpower our naval force in the Mediterranean, by falling in with detached squadrons, and thus destroying it in detail. When they arrived off Carthage, they requested the Spanish ship to make sail and join; but the Spaniards replied, they had not men to man them. To this it was answered, that

the French had men enough on board for that purpose. But the Spaniards seem to have been apprehensive of delivering up their ships thus entirely into the power of such allies, and refused to come out. The fleet from Cadiz, however, consisting of from 17 to 20 sail of the line, got out, under Masaredo, a man who then bore an honourable name, which he has since rendered infamous by betraying his country. They met with a violent storm off the coast of Oran, which dismasted many of their ships, and so effectually disabled them, as to prevent the junction, and frustrate a well-planned expedition.

Before this occurred, and while the junction was as probable as it would have been formidable, Nelson was in a state of the greatest anxiety. "What a state am I in!" said he to Earl St. Vincent. "If I go, I risk, and more than risk, Sicily: for we know, from experience, that more depends upon opinion than upon acts themselves: and as I stay, my heart is breaking." His first business was to

summon Troubridge to join him, with all the ships of the line under his command, and a frigate, if possible. Then hearing that the French had entered the Mediterranean, and expecting them at Palermo, where he had only his own ship;—with that single ship he prepared to make all the resistance possible. Troubridge having joined him, he left Capt. E. J. Foote, of the Seahorse, to command the smaller vessels in the bay of Naples, and sailed with six ships; one a Portuguese, and a Portuguese corvette; telling Earl St. Vincent that the squadron should never fall into the hands of the enemy: “And before we are destroyed,” said he, “I have little doubt but they will have their wings so completely clipped, that they may be easily overtaken.” It was just at this time that he received from Capt. Hallowell the present of the coffin. Such a present was regarded by the men with natural astonishment: one of his old shipmates in the Agamemnon said—“We shall have hot work of it indeed! You see the admiral intends to fight till he is

“killed; and there he is to be buried.” Nelson placed it upright against the bulk-head of his cabin, behind his chair, where he sat at dinner. The gift suited him at this time. It is said that he was disappointed in the son-in-law, whom he had loved so dearly from his childhood, and who had saved his life at Teneriffe: and it is certain that he had now formed an infatuated attachment for Lady Hamilton, which totally weaned his affections from his wife. Farther than this, there is no reason to believe that this most unfortunate attachment was criminal: but this was criminality enough, and it brought with it its punishment. Nelson was dissatisfied with himself; and, therefore, weary of the world. This feeling he now frequently expressed. “There is no true happiness in this life,” said he; “and in my present state I could quit it with a smile.” And in a letter to his old friend Davison, he said: “Believe me, my only wish is to sink with honour into the grave; and when that shall please God, I shall meet death with a

“I shall meet death with a

“ smile. Not that I am insensible to the
“ honours and riches my king and country
“ have heaped upon me,—so much more
“ than any officer could deserve ; yet am I
“ ready to quit this world of trouble, and
“ envy none but those of the estate six feet
“ by two.”

Well had it been for Nelson if he had made no other sacrifices to this unhappy attachment than his peace of mind ; but it led to the only blot upon his public character. While he sailed from Palermo, with the intention of collecting his whole force, and keeping off Maretimo, either to receive reinforcements there, if the French were bound upwards, or to hasten to Minorca, if that should be their destination ; Capt. Foote, in the Seahorse, with the Neapolitan frigates, and some small vessels, under his command, was left to act with a land force consisting of a few regular troops, of four different nations, and with the armed rabble which Cardinal Ruffo, called the Christian army. His directions were, to co-operate to the utmost of his power with

royalists, at whose head Ruffo had been placed, and he had no other instructions whatever. Ruffo advancing, without any plan, but relying upon the enemy's want of numbers, which prevented them from attempting to act upon the offensive, and ready to take advantage of any accident which might occur, approached Naples. Fort St. Elmo, which commands the town, was wholly garrisoned by the French troops; the castles of Uovo and Nuovo, which commanded the anchorage, were chiefly defended by Neapolitan revolutionists, the powerful men among them having taken shelter there. If these castles were taken, the reduction of Fort St. Elmo would be greatly expedited. They were strong places, and there was reason to apprehend that the French fleet might arrive to relieve them. Ruffo proposed to the garrison to capitulate, on condition that their persons and property should be guaranteed, and that they should at their own option, either be sent to Toulon, or remain at Naples, without being molested either in their per-

sons or families. This capitulation was accepted: it was signed by the cardinal, and the Russian and Turkish commanders; and, lastly, by Capt. Foote, as commander of the British force. About six and thirty hours afterwards Nelson arrived in the bay, with a force, which had joined him during his cruise, consisting of seventeen sail of the line, with 1700 troops on board, and the prince royal of Naples in the admiral's ship. A flag of truce was flying on the castles, and on board the Seahorse. Nelson made a signal to annul the treaty; declaring that he would grant rebels no other terms than those of unconditional submission. The cardinal objected to this: nor could all the arguments of Nelson, Sir. W. Hamilton, and Lady Hamilton, who took an active part in the conference, convince him that a treaty of such a nature, solemnly concluded, could honourably be set aside. He retired at last, silenced by Nelson's authority, but not convinced. Capt. Foote was sent out of the bay; and the garrisons, taken out of the castles,

under pretence of carrying the treaty into effect, were delivered over as rebels to the vengeance of the Sicilian court.—A deplorable transaction! a stain upon the memory of Nelson, and the honour of England! To palliate it would be in vain; to justify it would be wicked: there is no alternative, for one who will not make himself a participator in guilt, but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and with shame.

Prince Francesco Caraccioli, a younger branch of one of the noblest Neapolitan families, escaped from one of these castles before it capitulated. He was at the head of the marine, and was nearly 70 years of age, bearing a high character, both for professional and personal merit. He had accompanied the court to Sicily; but when the revolutionary government, or Parthenopæan Republic, as it was called, issued an edict, ordering all absent Neapolitans to return, on pain of confiscation of their property, he solicited and obtained permission of the king to return, his estates

being very great. It is said that the king, when he granted him this permission, warned him not to take any part in politics; expressing, at the same time, his own persuasion that he should recover his kingdom. But neither the king, nor he himself, ought to have imagined that, in such times, a man of such reputation would be permitted to remain inactive; and it soon appeared that Caraccioli was again in command of the navy, and serving under the republic against his late sovereign. The sailors reported that he was forced to act thus: and this was believed, till it was seen that he directed ably the offensive operations of the revolutionists, and did not avail himself of opportunities for escaping, when they offered. When the recovery of Naples was evidently near, he applied to Cardinal Ruffo, and to the Duke of Calvirrano, for protection; expressing his hope, that the few days during which he had been forced to obey the French, would not outweigh forty years of faithful services:—but, perhaps not receiving such assurances as he

wished, and knowing too well the temper of the Sicilian court, he endeavoured to secrete himself, and a price was set upon his head. More unfortunately for others than for himself, he was brought in alive, having been discovered in the disguise of a peasant, and carried one morning on board Lord Nelson's ship, with his hands tied behind him.

Caraccioli was well known to the British officers, and had been ever highly esteemed by all who knew him. Capt. Hardy ordered him immediately to be unbound, and to be treated with all those attentions which he felt due to a man who, when last on board the *Foudroyant*, had been received as an admiral and a prince. Sir William and Lady Hamilton were in the ship; but Nelson, it is affirmed, saw no one, except his own officers, during the tragedy which ensued. His own determination was made; and he issued an order to the Neapolitan commodore, Count Thurn, to assemble a court-martial of Neapolitan officers, on board the British flag-ship, proceed imme-

diately to try the prisoner, and report to him, if the charges were proved, what punishment he ought to suffer. These proceedings were as rapid as possible ; Caraccioli was brought on board at nine in the forenoon, and the trial began at ten. It lasted two hours : he averred in his defence, that he had acted under compulsion, having been compelled to serve as a common soldier, till he consented to take command of the fleet. This, the apologists of Lord Nelson say, he failed in proving. They forget that the possibility of proving it was not allowed him ; for he was brought to trial within an hour after he was legally in arrest ; and how, in that time, was he to collect his witnesses ? He was found guilty, and sentenced to death ; and Nelson gave orders that the sentence should be carried into effect that evening, at five o'clock, on board the Sicilian frigate, *La Minerva*, by hanging him at the fore-yard-arm till sunset ; when the body was to be cut down, and thrown into the sea. Caraccioli requested Lieutenant Parkinson,

under whose custody he was placed, to intercede with Lord Nelson for a second trial,—for this, among other reasons, that Count Thurn, who presided at the court-martial, was notoriously his personal enemy. Nelson made answer, that the prisoner had been fairly tried by the officers of his own country, and he could not interfere: forgetting that, if he felt himself justified in ordering the trial and the execution, no human being could ever have questioned the propriety of his interfering on the side of mercy. Caraccioli then entreated that he might be shot.—“I am an old man, sir,” said he: “I leave no family to lament me, and therefore cannot be supposed to be very anxious about prolonging my life; but the disgrace of being hanged is dreadful to me.” When this was repeated to Nelson, he only told the lieutenant, with much agitation, to go and attend his duty. As a last hope, Caraccioli asked the lieutenant, If he thought an application to Lady Hamilton would be beneficial? Parkinson went to seek her:

She was not to be seen on this occasion,—but she was present at the execution. She had the most devoted attachment to the Neapolitan court; and the hatred which she felt against those whom she regarded as its enemies, made her, at this time, forget what was due to the character of her sex, as well as of her country. Here, also, a faithful historian is called upon to pronounce a severe and unqualified condemnation of Nelson's conduct. Had he the authority of his Sicilian Majesty for proceeding as he did? If so, why was not that authority produced? If not, why were the proceedings hurried on without it? Why was the trial precipitated, so that it was impossible for the prisoner, if he had been innocent, to provide the witnesses, who might have proved him so? Why was a second trial refused, when the known animosity of the president of the court against the prisoner was considered? Why was the execution hastened so as to preclude any appeal for mercy, and render the prerogative of mercy useless?—Doubtless,

the British admiral seemed to himself to be acting under a rigid sense of justice ; but, to all other persons, it was obvious, that he was influenced by an infatuated attachment—a baneful passion, which destroyed his domestic happiness, and now, in a second instance, stained ineffaceably his public character.

The body was carried out to a considerable distance, and sunk in the bay, with three double-headed shot, weighing 250 pounds, tied to its legs. Between two and three weeks afterward, when the king was on board the *Foudroyant*, a Neapolitan fisherman came to the ship, and solemnly declared, that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the sea, and was coming, as fast as he could, to Naples, swimming half out of the water. Such an account was listened to like a tale of idle credulity. The day being fair, Nelson, to please the king, stood out to sea ; but the ship had not proceeded far before a body was distinctly seen, upright in the water, and approaching them. It was soon recognized to be, in-

deed, the corpse of Caraccioli, which had risen, and floated, while the great weights attached to the legs kept the body in a position like that of a living man. A fact so extraordinary astonished the king, and perhaps excited some feeling of superstitious fear, akin to regret. He gave permission for the body to be taken on shore, and receive Christian burial. It produced no better effect. Naples exhibited more dreadful scenes than it had witnessed in the days of Massaniello. After the mob had had their fill of blood and plunder, the reins were given to justice—if that can be called justice which annuls its own stipulations, looks to the naked facts alone, disregarding all motives and all circumstances; and, without considering character or science, or sex, or youth, sacrifices its victims, not for the public weal, but for the gratification of greedy vengeance.

The castles of St. Elmo, Gaieta, and Capua, remained to be subdued. On the land side, there was no danger that the French in these garrisons should be relieved,

for Suvorof was now beginning to drive the enemy before him ; but Nelson thought his presence necessary in the bay of Naples : and when Lord Keith, having received intelligence that the French and Spanish fleets had formed a junction, and sailed for Carthagená, ordered him to repair to Minorca, with the whole, or the greater part of his force, he sent Admiral Duckworth with a small part only. This was a dilemma which he had foreseen. “ Should such an order come at this moment,” he said, in a letter previously written to the admiralty, “ it would be a case for some consideration, whether Minorca is to be risked, or the two kingdoms of Naples and Sicily : I rather think my decision would be to risk the former.” And, after he had acted upon this opinion, he wrote in these terms to the Duke of Clarence, with whose high notions of obedience he was well acquainted : “ I am well aware of the consequences of disobeying my orders ; but as I have often before risked my life for the good cause,

“ so I, with cheerfulness, did my commis-
“ sion ; for, although a military tribunal
“ may think me criminal, the world will
“ approve of my conduct : and I regard not
“ my own safety, when the honour of my
“ king is at stake.”

Nelson was right in his judgment : no attempt was made upon Minorca ; and the expulsion of the French from Naples may rather be said to have been effected, than accelerated, by the English and Portuguese of the allied fleet, acting upon shore, under Troubridge. The French commandant at St. Elmo, relying upon the strength of the place, and the nature of the force which attacked it, had insulted Capt. Foote in the grossest terms : but *citoyen* Mejan was soon taught better manners, when Troubridge, in spite of every obstacle, opened five batteries upon the fort. He was informed, that none of his letters, with the insolent printed words at the top, *Liberté, Egalité, Guerre aux Tyrans, &c.* would be received ; but that, if he wrote like a soldier and a gentleman, he should be an-

swered in the same style. The Frenchman then began to flatter his antagonist upon the *bienfaisance* and *humanité*, which, he said, were the least of the many virtues which distinguished Monsieur Troubridge. Monsieur Troubridge's *bienfaisance* was, at this time, thinking of mining the fort.—“If we can accomplish that,” said he, “I am a strong advocate to send them, host-ages and all, to Old Nick, and surprise him with a group of nobility and republicans. Meantime,” he added, “it was some satisfaction to perceive that the shells fell well, and broke some of their shins.” Finally, to complete his character, Mejan offered to surrender for 150,000 ducats. Great Britain, perhaps, has made but too little use of this kind of artillery, which France has found so effectual towards subjugating the continent: but Troubridge had the prey within his reach; and, in the course of a few days, his last battery, “after much trouble and palaver,” as he said, “brought the vagabonds to their senses.”

Troubridge had more difficulties to overcome in this siege, from the character of the Neapolitans who pretended to assist him, and whom he made useful, than even from the strength of the place and the skill of the French. “Such damned cowards and villains,” he declared, “he had never seen before.” The men at the advanced posts carried on, what he called, “a diabolical good understanding” with the enemy, and the workmen would sometimes take fright and run away. “I make the best I can,” said he, “of the degenerate race I have to deal with: the whole means of guns, ammunition, pioneers, &c. with all materials, rest with them. With fair promises to the men, and threats of instant death if I find any one erring, a little spur has been given.” Nelson said of him, with truth, upon this occasion, that he was a first-rate general. “I find, sir,” said he afterwards, in a letter to the Duke of Clarence, “that General Koehler does not approve of such irregular proceedings as naval officers attacking and defending fortifi-

“ cations. We have but one idea,—to
“ get close alongside. None but a sailor
“ would have placed a battery only 180
“ yards from the castle of St. Elmo: a
“ soldier must have gone according to art,
“ and the  way. My brave Trou-
“ bridge went straight on, for we had no
“ time to spare.”

Troubridge then proceeded to Capua, and took the command of the motley besieging force. One thousand of the best men in the fleet were sent to assist in the siege. Just at this time Nelson received a peremptory order from Lord Keith, to sail with the whole of his force for the protection of Minorca; or, at least, to retain no more than was absolutely necessary at Sicily, “ You will easily conceive my
“ feelings,” said he, in communicating this to Earl St. Vincent: “ but my mind,
“ as your lordship knows, was perfectly
“ prepared for this order; and it is now,
“ more than ever, made up. At this mo-
“ ment I will not part with a single ship;
“ as I cannot do that without drawing a

“ hundred and twenty men from each ship,
“ now at the siege of Capua. I am fully
“ aware of the act I have committed; but
“ I am prepared for any fate which may
“ await my disobedience. Capua and
“ Gaieta will soon fall; and the moment
“ the scoundrels of French are out of this
“ kingdom I shall send eight or nine ships
“ of the line to Minorca. I have done what
“ I thought right: others may think dif-
“ ferently: but it will be my consolation
“ that I have gained a kingdom, seated a
“ faithful ally of his majesty firmly on his
“ throne, and restored happiness to mil-
“ lions.”

At Capua, Troubridge had the same difficulties as at St. Elmo; and being farther from Naples, and from the fleet, was less able to overcome them. The powder was so bad that he suspected treachery: and when he asked Nelson to spare him forty casks from the ships, he told him it would be necessary that some Englishmen should accompany it, or they would steal one half, and change the other. “ Every man you

“ see,” said he, “ gentle and simple, are
“ such notorious villains, that it is misery
“ to be with them.” Capua, however, soon
fell, Gaieta immediately afterwards sur-
rendered to Capt. Louis of the Minotaur.
Here the commanding officer acted more un-
like a Frenchman, Capt. Louis said, than
any one he had ever met ; meaning that he
acted like a man of honour. He required,
however, that the garrison should carry
away their horses and other pillaged pro-
perty : to which Nelson replied, “ That
“ no property which they did not bring
“ with them into the country could be
“ theirs ; and that the greatest care should
“ be taken to prevent them from carrying it
“ away.”—“ I am sorry,” said he to Capt.
Louis, “ that you have entered into any
“ altercation. There is no way of dealing
“ with a Frenchman but to knock him
“ down : to be civil to them is only to be
“ laughed at, when they are enemies.”

The whole kingdom of Naples was thus
delivered by Nelson from the French. The
admiralty, however, thought it expedient

to censure him for disobeying Lord Keith's orders, and thus hazarding Minorca, without, as it appeared to them, any sufficient reason ; and also from having landed seamen for the seige of Capua, to form part of an army employed in operations at a distance from the coast ; where, in case of defeat, they might have been prevented from returning to their ships ; and they enjoined him, " not to employ the seamen in " like manner in future." This reprimand was issued before the event was known ; though, indeed, the event would not affect the principle upon which it proceeded. When Nelson communicated the tidings of his complete success, he said, in his public letter, " that it would not be the less acceptable for having been principally brought " about by British sailors." His judgment in thus employing them had been justified by the result ; and his joy was evidently heightened by the gratification of a professional and becoming pride. To the first lord he said, at the same time, " I certainly, " from having only a left hand, cannot

“ enter into details which may explain the
“ motives that actuated my conduct. My
“ principle is, to assist in driving the French
“ to the devil, and in restoring peace and
“ happiness to mankind. I feel that I am
“ fitter to do the action than to describe it.”
He then added, that he would take care
of Minorca.

In expelling the French from Naples, Nelson had, with characteristic zeal and ability, discharged his duty; but he deceived himself, when he imagined that he had seated Ferdinand firmly on his throne, and that he had restored happiness to millions. These objects might have been accomplished if it had been possible to inspire virtue and wisdom into a vicious and infatuated court; and if Nelson's eyes had not been as it were spell bound, by that unhappy attachment, which had now completely mastered him, he would have seen things as they were; and might, perhaps, have awakened the Sicilian court to a sense of their interest, if not of their duty. That court employed itself in a miserable round

of folly and festivity, while the prisons of Naples were filled with groans, and the scaffolds streamed with blood. St. Januarius was solemnly removed from his rank as patron saint of the kingdom, having been convicted of Jacobinism; and St. Antonio as solemnly installed in his place. The king, instead of re-establishing order at Naples by his presence, speedily returned to Palermo, to indulge in his favourite amusements. Nelson, and the ambassador's family, accompanied the court; and Troubridge remained, groaning over the villainy and frivolity of those with whom he was compelled to deal. A party of officers applied to him for a passage to Palermo, to see the procession of St. Rosalia:—he recommended them to exercise their troops, and not behave like children. It was grief enough for him that the court should be busied in these follies, and Nelson involved in them. “I dread, my lord,” said he, “all the feasting, &c. at Palermo. I am
“sure your health will be hurt. If so, all
“their saints will be damned by the navy.

“ The king would be better employed di-
“ gesting a good government : every thing
“ gives way to their pleasures. The money
“ spent at Palermo gives discontent here :
“ fifty thousand people are unemployed,
“ trade discouraged, manufactures at a
“ stand. It is the interest of many here
“ to keep the king away ;—they all dread
“ reform :—their villainies are so deeply
“ rooted, that, if some method is not taken
“ to dig them out, this government cannot
“ hold together. Out of twenty millions
“ of ducats, collected as the revenue, only
“ thirteen millions reach the treasury ; and
“ the king pays four ducats where he should
“ pay one. He is surrounded by thieves ;
“ and none of them have honour or honesty
“ enough to tell him the real and true state
“ of things.” In another letter, he expressed
his sense of the miserable state of Naples.
“ There are upwards of forty thousand
“ families,” said he, “ who have relations
“ confined. If some act of oblivion is not
“ passed, there will be no end of persecu-
“ tion ; for the people of this country have

“ no idea of any thing but revenge ; and,
“ to gain a point, would swear ten thou-
“ sand false oaths. Constant efforts are
“ made to get a man taken up in order to
“ rob him. The confiscated property does
“ not reach the king’s treasury.—All
“ thieves ! It is selling for nothing. His
“ own people, whom he employs, are buy-
“ ing it up, and the vagabonds pocket the
“ whole. I should not be surprised to hear
“ that they brought a bill of expenses
“ against him for the sale.”

The Sicilian court, however, were at this time duly sensible of the services which had been rendered them by the British fleet, and their gratitude to Nelson was shewn with proper and princely munificence.—They gave him the dukedom and domain of Bronte, worth about £3,000 a year. It was some days before he could be persuaded to accept it: the argument which finally prevailed, is said to have been suggested by the queen, and urged, at her request, by Lady Hamilton, upon her knees. “ He
“ considered his own honour too much,”

she said, “ if he persisted in refusing what
“ the king and queen felt to be absolutely
“ necessary for the preservation of theirs.”
The king himself, also, is said to have addressed him in words, which shew that the sense of rank will sometimes confer a virtue upon those who seem to be most unworthy of the lot to which they have been born :
“ Lord Nelson, do you wish that your name
“ alone should pass with honour to posterity ; and that I, Ferdinand Bourbon, should appear ungrateful ?” He gave him also, when the dukedom was accepted, a diamond-hilted sword, which his father, Charles III. of Spain, had given him, on his accession to the throne of the Two Sicilies. Nelson said, “ the reward was
“ magnificent, and worthy of a king, and he
“ was determined that the inhabitants on
“ the domain should be the happiest in all
“ his Sicilian majesty’s dominions.—Yet,” said he, speaking of these, and the other remunerations which were made him for his services, “ these presents, rich as they
“ are, do not elevate me. My pride is,

“ that, at Constantinople, from the grand
“ seignior to the lowest Turk, the name
“ of Nelson is familiar in their mouths;
“ and in this country I am every thing
“ which a grateful monarch and people
“ can call me.” Nelson, however, had a
pardonable pride in the outward and visible signs of honour, which he had so fairly won. He was fond of his Sicilian title; the signification, perhaps, pleased him;—Duke of Thunder was what in Dahomy would be called a *strong name*; it was to a sailor’s taste; and, certainly, to no man could it ever be more applicable. But a simple offering, which he received, not long afterwards, from the island of Zante, affected him with a deeper and finer feeling. The Greeks of that little community sent him a golden-headed sword, and a truncheon, set round with all the diamonds that the island could furnish, in a single row. They thanked him “ for having, by his victory,
“ preserved that part of Greece from the
“ horrors of anarchy; and prayed that his
“ exploits might accelerate the day, in

“ which, amidst the glory and peace of
“ thrones, the miseries of the human race
“ would cease.” This unexpected tribute
touched Nelson to the heart. “ No officer,”
he said, “ had ever received from any
“ country a higher acknowledgement of his
“ services.”

The French still occupied the Roman states ; from which, according to their own admission, they had extorted, in jewels, plate, specie, and requisitions of every kind, to the enormous amount of eight millions sterling : yet they affected to appear as deliverers among the people whom they were thus cruelly plundering ; and they distributed portraits of Buonaparte, with the blasphemous inscription—“ This
“ is the true likeness of the holy saviour of
“ the world !” The people, detesting the impiety, and groaning beneath the exactions of these perfidious robbers, were ready to join any regular force that should come to their assistance ; but they dreaded Cardinal Ruffo’s rabble, and declared they would resist him as a banditti, who came

only for the purpose of pillage. Nelson perceived that no object was now so essential for the tranquillity of Naples as the recovery of Rome ; which, in the present state of things, when Suvarof was driving the French before him, would complete the deliverance of Italy. He applied, therefore, to Sir James St. Clair Erskine, who, in the absence of General Fox, commanded at Minorca, to assist in this great object with 1200 men. “ The field of glory,” said he, “ is a large one, and was never more “ open to any one, than at this moment to “ you. Rome would throw open her gates, “ and receive you as her deliverer ; and the “ pope would owe his restoration to a heretic.” But Sir James Erskine looked only at the difficulties of the undertaking. “ Twelve hundred men, he thought, would “ be too small a force to be committed in “ such an enterprise ; for Civita Vecchia “ was a regular fortress ;—the local situation and climate also were such, that, “ even if this force were adequate, it would “ be proper to delay the expedition till

“ October. General Fox, too, was soon
“ expected ; and during his absence, and
“ under existing circumstances, he did not
“ feel justified in sending away such a de-
“ tachment.”

What this general thought it imprudent to attempt, Nelson and Troubridge effected without his assistance, by a small detachment from the fleet. Troubridge first sent Capt. Hallowell to Civita Vecchia, to offer the garrison there, and at Castle St. Angelo, the same terms which had been granted to Gaieta. Hallowell perceived, by the overstrained civility of the officers who came off to him, and the compliments which they paid to the English nation, that they were sensible of their own weakness, and their inability to offer any effectual resistance ; but the French know, that while they are in a condition to serve their government, they can rely upon it for every possible exertion in their support ; and this reliance gives them hope and confidence to the last. Upon Hallowell's report, Troubridge, who had now been made Sir Thomas for his

services, sent Capt. Louis, with a squadron, to enforce the terms which he had offered ; and, as soon as he could leave Naples, he himself followed. The French, who had no longer any hope from the fate of arms, relied upon their skill in negotiation, and proposed terms to Troubridge with that effrontery which characterizes their public proceedings ; but which is as often successful as it is impudent. They had a man of the right stamp to deal with. Their ambassador at Rome began by saying, that the Roman territory was the property of the French by right of conquest. The British commodore settled that point, by replying, “ It is mine by reconquest.” A capitulation was soon concluded for all the Roman states, and Capt. Louis rowed up the Tiber in his barge, hoisted English colours on the capital, and acted, for the time, as governor of Rome. The prophecy of the Irish poet was thus accomplished, and the friar reaped the fruits : for Nelson, who was struck with the oddity of the circumstance, and not a little pleased with

it, obtained preferment for him from the King of Sicily, and recommended him to the pope.

Having thus completed his work upon the continent of Italy, Nelson's whole attention was directed towards Malta; where Capt. Ball, with most inadequate means, was besieging the French garrison. Never was any officer eagaged in a more anxious and painful service: the smallest reinforcement from France would, at any moment, have turned the scale against him: and had it not been for his consummate ability, and the love and veneration with which the Maltese regarded him, Malta must have remained in the hands of the enemy. Men, money, food; all things were wanting. The garrison consisted of five thousand troops;—the besieging force of five hundred English and Portuguese marines, and about fifteen hundred armed peasants. Long and repeatedly did Nelson solicit troops to effect the reduction of this important place. “It has been no fault of “the navy,” said he, “that Malta has not

“ been attacked by land; but we have
“ neither the means ourselves, nor in-
“ fluence with those who have.” The same
causes of demurral existed which prevented
British troops from assisting in the expul-
sion of the French from Rome. Sir James
Erskine was expecting General Fox, he
could not act without orders; and not hav-
ing, like Nelson, that lively spring of hope
within him, which partakes enough of the
nature of faith to work miracles in war,
he thought it “ evident, that unless a re-
“ spectable land force, in numbers suffi-
“ cient to undertake the siege of such a
“ garrison, in one of the strongest places
“ of Europe, and supplied with propor-
“ tionate artillery and stores, were sent
“ against it, no reasonable hope could be
“ entertained of its surrender.”—Nelson
groaned over the spirit of over-reasoning
caution, and unreasoning obedience. “ My
“ heart,” said he, “ is almost broken. If
“ the enemy gets supplies in, we may bid
“ adieu to Malta:—all the force we can col-
“ lect would then be of little use against

“ the strongest place in Europe.—To say
“ that an officer is never, for any object, to
“ alter his orders, is what I cannot compre-
“ hend. The circumstances of this war so
“ often vary, that an officer has almost every
“ moment to consider, what would my su-
“ periors direct, did they know what is
“ passing under my nose. But, sir,” said
he, writing to the Duke of Clarence, “ I
“ find few think as I do. To obey orders
“ is all perfection. To serve my king, and
“ to destroy the French, I consider as the
“ great order of all, from which little ones
“ spring: and if one of these militate
“ against it, (for who can tell exactly at
“ a distance,) I go back, and obey the great
“ order and object, to down,—down with
“ the damned French villains!—My blood
“ boils at the name of Frenchman!”

At length Gen. Fox arrived at Minor-
ca,—and, at length, permitted Col. Gra-
ham to go to Malta, but with means miser-
ably limited. In fact the expedition was
at a stand for want of money; when Trou-
bridge arriving at Messina, to co-operate

in it, and finding this fresh delay, immediately offered all that he could command of his own. “I procured him, my lord,” said he to Nelson, “fifteen thousand of my
“cobs :—every farthing, and every atom
“of me shall be devoted to the cause.”
—“What can this mean,” said Nelson, when he learnt that Col. Graham was ordered not to incur any expense for stores, or any articles except provisions!—“the
“cause cannot stand still for want of a lit-
“tle money. If nobody will pay it, I will
“sell Bronte, and the Emperor of Russia’s
“box.” And he actually pledged Bronte for £6600 if there should be any difficulty about paying the bills. The long delayed expedition was thus, at last, sent forth : but Troubridge little imagined in what scenes of misery he was to bear his part. He looked to Sicily for supplies : it was the interest, as well as the duty, of the Sicilian government to use every exertion for furnishing them : and Nelson, and the British ambassador, were on the spot to press upon them the necessity of exertion.

But, though Nelson saw with what a knavish crew the Sicilian court was surrounded, he was blind to the vices of the court itself; and resigning himself wholly to Lady Hamilton's influence, never even suspected the crooked policy which it was remorselessly pursuing. The Maltese and the British in Malta, severely felt it. Troubridge, who had the truest affection for Nelson, knew his infatuation, and feared that it might prove injurious to his character, as well as fatal to an enterprise, which had begun so well, and carried on so patiently.

“My lord,” said he, writing to him from the siege, “we are dying off fast for want. “I learn that Sir William Hamilton says “Prince Luzzi refused corn, some time “ago, and Sir William does not think “it worth while making another applica- “tion. If that be the case, I wish he com- “manded this distressing scene, instead “of me. Puglia had an immense harvest: “near thirty sail left Messina, before I did, “to load corn. Will they let us have “any? if not, a short time will decide

“ the business. The German interest pre-
“ vails. I wish I was at your lordship’s
“ elbow for an hour.—*All, all*, will be
“ thrown on you!—I will parry the blow
“ as much as in my power: I foresee much
“ mischief brewing.—God bless your lord-
“ ship! I am miserable, I cannot assist
“ your operations more. Many happy re-
“ turns of the day to you—(it was the
“ first of the new year)—I never spent
“ so miserable a one. I am not very ten-
“ der hearted; but really the distress here
“ would even move a Neapolitan.” Soon
afterwards he wrote: “ I have this day
“ saved thirty thousand people from starv-
“ ing; but with this day my ability ceases.
“ As the government are bent on starving
“ us, I see no alternative, but to leave these
“ poor unhappy people to perish, without
“ our being witnesses of their distress. I
“ curse the day I ever served the Nea-
“ politan government.—We have charac-
“ ters, my lord, to lose; these people have
“ none. Do not suffer their infamous
“ conduct to fall on us. Our country is

“just, but severe. Such is the fever of
“my brain this minute, that I assure you,
“on my honour, if the Palermo traitors
“were here, I would shoot them first, and
“then myself. Girgenti is full of corn;
“the money is ready to pay for it; we do
“not ask it as a gift. Oh! could you see
“the horrid distress I daily experience,
“something would be done.—Some engine
“is at work against us at Naples; and I
“believe I hit on the proper person. If
“you complain, he will be immediately
“promoted, agreeably to the Neapolitan
“custom. All I write to you is known at
“the queen’s.—For my own part, I look
“upon the Neapolitans as the worst of
“intriguing enemies: every hour shews
“me their infamy and duplicity. I pray
“your lordship be cautious: your honest,
“open manner of acting, will be made a
“handle of. When I see you, and tell of
“their infamous tricks, you will be as much
“surprised as I am. The whole will fall
“on you.”

Nelson was not, and could not, be in-

sensible to the distress which his friend so earnestly represented. He begged, almost on his knees, he said, small supplies of money and corn, to keep the Maltese from starving. And when the court granted a small supply, protesting their poverty, he believed their protestations, and was satisfied with their professions, instead of insisting that the restrictions upon the exportation of corn should be withdrawn. The anxiety, however, which he endured, affected him so deeply, that he said it had broken his spirit for ever. Happily all that Troubridge, with so much reason, foreboded, did not come to pass. For Capt. Ball, with more decision than Nelson himself would have shewn at that time, and upon that occasion, ventured upon a resolute measure, for which his name would deserve always to be held in veneration by the Maltese, even if it had no other claims to the love and reverence of a grateful people. Finding it hopeless longer to look for succour, or common humanity, from the deceitful and infatuated court of Sicily, which persisted in prohibit-

ing, by sanguinary edicts, the exportation supplies, at his own risk he sent his first lieutenant to the port of Messina, with orders to seize and bring with him to Malta, the ships which were there lying, laden with corn; of the number of which he had received accurate information. These orders were executed to the great delight and advantage of the ship-owners and proprietors; the necessity of raising the siege was removed, and Capt. Ball waited, in calmness, for the consequences to himself. "But," says Mr. Coleridge, "not a complaint, not a murmur, proceeded from the court of Naples; the sole result was, that the governor of Malta became an especial object of its hatred, its fear, and its respect."

Nelson, himself, at the beginning of February, sailed for that island. On the way he fell in with a French squadron, bound for its relief, and consisting of the *Genereux* 74, three frigates, and a corvette. One of these frigates, and the line of battle ship, were taken; the others es-

caped, but failed in their purpose of reaching La Valette. This success was peculiarly gratifying to Nelson, for many reasons. During some months he had acted as commander in chief in the Mediterranean, while Lord Keith was in England. Lord Keith was now returned; and Nelson had, upon his own plan, and at his own risk, left him, to sail for Malta,—“for which,” said he, “if I had not succeeded, I might have been broke;—and, if I had not acted thus, the *Genereux* never would have been taken.” This ship was one of those which had escaped from Aboukir. Two frigates, and the *Guillaume Tell*, 86, were all that now remained of the fleet which Buonaparte had conducted to Egypt. The *Guillaume Tell* was at this time closely watched in the harbour of La Valette; and shortly afterwards, attempting to make her escape from thence, was taken after an action, in which greater skill was never displayed by British ships, nor greater gallantry by an enemy. She was taken by the *Foudroyant*, *Lion*, and *Penelope* fri-

gate. Nelson rejoicing at what he called this glorious finish to the whole French Mediterranean fleet; rejoiced also that he was not present to have taken a sprig of these brave mens laurels. "They are," said he, "and I glory in them, my children: they served in my school; and all of us caught our professional zeal and fire from the great and good Earl St. Vincent.—What a pleasure, what happiness, to have the Nile fleet all taken, under my orders and regulations!"—The two frigates still remained in La Valette: before its surrender they stole out: one was taken in the attempt; the other was the only ship of the whole fleet which escaped capture or destruction.

Letters were found on board the *Guillaume Tell* shewing that the French were now become hopeless of preserving the conquest which they had so foully acquired. Troubridge and his brother officers were anxious that Nelson should have the honour of signing the capitulation. They told him, that they absolutely, as far as they

dared, insisted on his staying to do this: but their earnest and affectionate intreaties were vain. Sir William Hamilton had just been superseded; Nelson had no feeling of cordiality towards Lord Keith; and thinking, that, after Earl St. Vincent, no man had so good a claim to the command in the Mediterranean as himself, he applied for permission to return to England; telling the first lord of the admiralty, that his spirit could not submit patiently, and that he was a broken-hearted man. From the time of his return from Egypt, amid all the honours which were showered upon him, he had suffered many mortifications. Sir Sidney Smith had been sent to Egypt, with orders to take under his command the squadron which Nelson had left there. Sir Sidney appears to have thought that this command was to be independent of Nelson: and Nelson himself thinking so, determined to return, saying to Earl St. Vincent, “I do feel, for I am a man, that
“it is impossible for me to serve in these
“seas with a squadron under a junior

“ officer.” Earl St. Vincent seems to have dissuaded him from this resolution: some heart-burnings, however, still remained, and some incautious expressions of Sir Sidney’s were noticed by him in terms of evident displeasure. But this did not continue long, as no man bore more willing testimony than Nelson to the admirable defence of Acre.

He differed from Sir Sidney as to the policy which ought to be pursued toward the French in Egypt; and strictly commanded him, in the strongest language, not, on any pretence, to permit a single Frenchman to leave the country, saying, that he considered it nothing short of madness to permit that band of thieves to return to Europe. “ No,” said he, “ to Egypt they
“ went with their own consent, and there
“ they shall remain, while Nelson com-
“ mands this squadron:—for never, never,
“ will he consent to the return of one ship
“ or Frenchman.—I wish them to perish in
“ Egypt, and give an awful lesson to the
“ world of the justice of the Almighty.”

If Nelson had not thoroughly understood the character of the enemy against whom he was engaged, their conduct in Egypt would have disclosed it. After the battle of the Nile he had landed all his prisoners, upon a solemn engagement made between Troubridge on one side, and Capt. Barré on the other, that none of them should serve till regularly exchanged. — They were no sooner on shore, than part of them were drafted into the different regiments, and the remainder formed into a corps, called the nautic legion. This occasioned Capt. Hallowell to say, that the French had forfeited all claim to respect from us. “The army of Buonaparte,” said he, “are entirely destitute of every principle of honour: they have always acted like licentious thieves.” Buonaparte’s escape was the more regretted by Nelson, because, if he had had sufficient force, he thought it would certainly have been prevented. He wished to keep ships upon the watch, to intercept any thing coming from Egypt: but the admiralty calculated upon the as-

sistance of the Russian fleet, which failed when it was most wanted. The ships which should have been thus employed were then required for more pressing services; and the bloody Corsican was thus enabled to reach Europe in safety; there to become the guilty instrument of a wider-spreading destruction than any with which the world had ever before been visited.

Nelson had other causes of chagrin. Earl St. Vincent, for whom he felt such high respect, and whom Sir John Orde had challenged, for having nominated Nelson instead of himself to the command of the Nile squadron, laid claim to prize money, as commander-in chief, after he had quitted the station. The point was contested, and decided against him. Nelson, perhaps, felt this the more, because his own feelings, with regard to money, were so different. An opinion had been given by Dr. Lawrence, which would have excluded the junior flag officers from prize money. When this was made known to him, his reply was in these words: "Notwithstanding Dr. Lawrence's

“ opinion, I do not believe I have any
“ right to exclude the junior flag officers :
“ and if I have, I desire that no such
“ claim may be made:—no, not if it were
“ sixty times the sum,—and, poor as I am,
“ I were never to see prize money.”

A ship could not be spared to convey him to England; he therefore travelled through Germany to Hamburgh, in company with his inseparable friends, Sir William and Lady Hamilton. The Queen of Naples went with them to Vienna. While they were at Leghorn, upon a report that the French were approaching, (for, through the folly of weak courts, and the treachery of venal cabinets, they had now recovered their ascendancy in Italy,) the people rose tumultuously, and would fain have persuaded Nelson to lead them against the enemy. Public honours, and yet more gratifying testimonials of public admiration, awaited Nelson wherever he went. The Prince of Esterhazy entertained him in a style of Hungarian magnificence—a hundred grenadiers, each six feet in height,

constantly waiting at table. At Magdeburg, the master of the hotel where he was entertained contrived to shew him for money;—admitting the curious to mount a ladder, and peep at him through a small window. A wine merchant at Hamburgh, who was above seventy years of age, requested to speak with Lady Hamilton; and told her he had some Rhenish wine, of the vintage of 1625, which had been in his own possession more than half a century: he had preserved it for some extraordinary occasion; and that which had now arrived was far beyond any that he could ever have expected. His request was, that her ladyship would prevail upon Lord Nelson to accept six dozen of this incomparable wine: part of it would then have the honour to flow into the heart's blood of that immortal hero; and this thought would make him happy during the remainder of his life. Nelson, when this singular request was reported to him, went into the room, and taking the worthy old gentleman kindly by the hand, consented to re-

ceive six bottles, provided the donor would dine with him next day. Twelve were sent; and Nelson saying, that he hoped yet to win half a dozen more great victories, promised to lay by six bottles of his Hamburgh friend's wine, for the purpose of drinking one after each.—A German pastor, between seventy and eighty years of age, travelled forty miles, with the Bible of his parish church, to request that Nelson would write his name on the first leaf of it. He called him the saviour of the Christian world. The old man's hope deceived him. There was no Nelson upon shore, or Europe would have been saved; but, in his foresight of the horrors with which all Germany and all Christendom were threatened by France, the pastor could not possibly have apprehended more than has actually taken place.

CHAPTER VII.

CONTENTS.

Nelson separates himself from his wife.—Northern Confederacy.—He goes to the Baltic, under Sir Hyde Parker.—Battle of Copenhagen, and subsequent Negotiation.—Nelson is made a Viscount.

NELSON was welcomed in England with every mark of popular honour. At Yarmouth, where he landed, every ship in the harbour hoisted her colours. The mayor and corporation waited upon him with the freedom of the town, and accompanied him in procession to church, with all the naval officers on shore, and the principal inhabitants. Bonfires and illuminations concluded the day; and, on the morrow, the volunteer cavalry drew up and saluted him as he departed, and followed the carriage to the borders of the county. At Ipswich the people came out to meet him, drew him

a mile into the town, and three miles out. When he was in the *Agamemnon* he wished to represent this place in parliament, and some of his friends had consulted the leading men of the corporation; the result was not successful: and Nelson observing, that he would endeavour to find out a preferable path into parliament, said there might come a time when the people of Ipswich would think it an honour to have had him for their representative. In London, he was feasted by the city, drawn by the populace from Ludgate-hill to Guildhall, and received the thanks of the common council for his great victory, and a golden-hilted sword studded with diamonds. Nelson had every earthly blessing, except domestic happiness: he had forfeited that for ever. Before he had been three months in England he separated from Lady Nelson. Some of his last words to her were: "I call God to witness, there is nothing in you, or your conduct, that I wish otherwise." This was the consequence of his infatuated attachment to Lady Hamilton.

It had before caused a quarrel with his son-in-law, and occasioned remonstrances from his truest friends ; which produced no other effect than that of making him displeased with them, and more dissatisfied with himself.

The Addington administration was just at this time formed ; and Nelson, who had solicited employment, and been made vice-admiral of the blue, was sent to the Baltic, as second in command, under Sir Hyde Parker, by Earl St. Vincent, the new first lord of the admiralty. The three northern courts had formed a confederacy for making England resign her naval rights. Of these courts Russia was guided by the passions of its Emperor, Paul, a man not without fits of generosity, and some natural goodness, but subject to the wildest humours of caprice, and crazed by the possession of greater power than can ever be safely, or perhaps innocently possessed by weak humanity. Denmark was French at heart ; ready to co-operate in all the views of France, to recognise all her usurpations, and obey all

her injunctions. Sweden, under a king whose principles were right, and whose feelings were generous, but who had a taint of hereditary insanity, acted in acquiescence with the dictates of two powers whom it feared to offend. The Danish navy, at this time, consisted of twenty-three ships of the line, with about thirty-one frigates and smaller vessels, exclusive of guard ships. The Swedes had eighteen ships of the line, fourteen frigates and sloops, seventy-four gallies and smaller vessels, besides gun-boats; and this force was in a far better state of equipment than the Danish. The Russians had eighty-two sail of the line and forty frigates. Of these there were forty-seven sail of the line at Cronstadt, Revel, Petersburgh, and Archangel: but the Russian fleet was ill manned, ill officered, and ill-equipped. Such a combination under the influence of France would soon have become formidable; and never did the British cabinet display more decision than in instantly preparing to crush it. They erred, however, in permitting any petty

consideration to prevent them from appointing Nelson to the command. The public properly murmured at seeing it entrusted to another: and he himself said to Earl St. Vincent, that circumstanced as he was, this expedition would probably be the last service that he should ever perform. The earl in reply, besought him, for God's sake, not to suffer himself to be carried away by any sudden impulse.

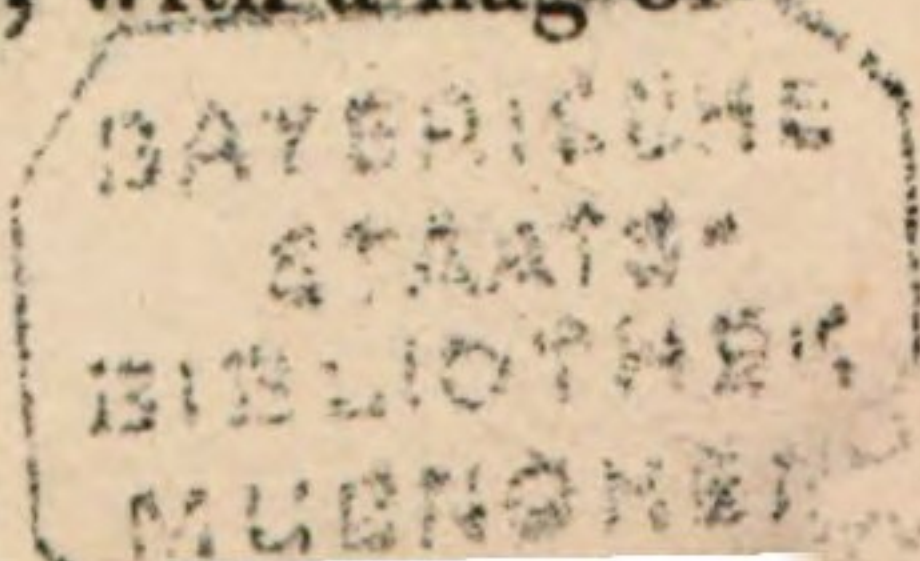
The season happened to be unusually favourable, so mild a winter had not been known in the Baltic for many years. When Nelson joined the fleet at Yarmouth, he found the admiral “a little nervous about “dark nights and fields of ice.”—“But we “must brace up,” said he;—“these are “not times for nervous systems.—I hope “we shall give our northern enemies that “hailstorm of bullets, which gives our dear “country the dominion of the sea. We “have it, and all the devils in the north “cannot take it from us, if our wooden “walls have fair play.” Before the fleet left Yarmouth, it was sufficiently known that

its destination was against Denmark. Some Danes, who belonged to the Amazon frigate, went to Capt. Riou, and telling him what they had heard, begged that he would get them exchanged into a ship bound on some other destination. "They had no wish," they said, "to quit the British service; but they intreated that they might not be forced to fight against their own country." There was not in our whole navy a man who had a higher and more chivalrous sense of duty than Riou. Tears came into his eyes while the men were speaking: without making any reply, he instantly ordered his boat, and did not return to the Amazon till he could tell them that their wish was effected.

The fleet sailed on the 12th of March. Mr. Vansittart sailed in it; the British cabinet still hoping to obtain its end by negotiation. It was well for England, that Sir Hyde Parker placed a fuller confidence in Nelson than the government seems to have done at this most important crisis. Her enemies might well have been astonished at

learning, that any other man should for a moment have been thought of for the command. But so little deference was paid, even at this time, to his intuitive and all-commanding genius, that when the fleet had reached its first rendezvous, at the entrance of the Cattegat, he had received no official communication whatever of the intended operations. His own mind had been made up upon them with its accustomed decision. "All I have gathered of our first plans," said he, "I disapprove most exceedingly. Honour may arise from them; good cannot. I hear we are likely to anchor outside of Cronenburgh castle, instead of Copenhagen, which would give weight to our negotiation. A Danish minister would think twice before he would put his name to war with England, when the next moment he would probably see his master's fleet in flames, and his capital in ruins. The Dane should see our flag every moment he lifted up his head."

Mr. Vansittart left the fleet at the Scaw, and preceded it in a frigate, with a flag of



truce. Precious time was lost by this delay, which was to be purchased by the dearest blood of Britain and Denmark: according to the Danes themselves, the intelligence that a British fleet was seen off the sound produced a much more general alarm in Copenhagen than its actual arrival in the roads; for their means of defence were, at that time, in such a state, that they could hardly hope to resist, still less to repel, an enemy. On the 21st Nelson had a long conference with Sir Hyde; and the next day addressed a letter to him, worthy of himself and of the occasion. Mr. Vansittart's report had then been received. It represented the Danish government as in the highest degree hostile; and their state of preparation as exceeding what our cabinet had supposed possible: for Denmark had profited, with all activity, of the leisure which had so impolitically been given her. "The more I have reflected," said Nelson to his commander, "the more I am confirmed in opinion, that not a moment should be lost in attacking the enemy. They

“ will every day and every hour be stronger :
“ we shall never be so good a match for
“ them as at this moment. The only con-
“ sideration is, how to get at them with the
“ least risk to our ships.—Here you are,
“ with almost the safety,—certainly with
“ the honour, of England, more intrusted
“ to you, than ever yet fell to the lot of any
“ British officer. On your decision de-
“ pends whether our country shall be de-
“ graded in the eyes of Europe, or whether
“ she shall rear her head higher than ever.
“ Again I do repeat, never did our country
“ depend so much upon the success of any
“ fleet as on this. How best to honour her,
“ and abate the pride of her enemies, must
“ be the subject of your deepest consider-
“ ation.”

Supposing him to force the passage of the Sound, Nelson thought some damage might be done among the masts and yards; though, perhaps, not one of them but would be serviceable again. “ If the wind be fair,” said he, “ and you determine to attack the
“ ships and Crown Islands, you must ex-

“pect the natural issue of such a battle—
“ships crippled, and, perhaps, one or two
“lost; for the wind which carries you in,
“will most probably not bring out a crippled
“ship. This mode I call taking the
“bull by the horns. It, however, will not
“prevent the Revel ships, or the Swedes,
“from joining the Danes: and to prevent
“this, is, in my humble opinion, a measure
“absolutely necessary; and still to attack
“Copenhagen.” For this he proposed
two modes. One was, to pass Cronen-
burgh, taking the risk of danger; take the
deepest and straitest channel along the
Middle Grounds; and then coming down
the Garbar, or King’s Channel, attack the
Danish line of floating batteries and ships,
as might be found convenient. This would
prevent a junction, and might give an opportunity of bombarding Copenhagen. Or
to take the passage of the Belt, which
might be accomplished in four or five days;
and then the attack by Draco might be
made, and the junction of the Russians prevented.
Supposing them through the Belt,

he proposed that a detachment of the fleet should be sent to destroy the Russian squadron at Revel ; and that the business at Copenhagen should be attempted with the remainder. “ The measure,” he said, “ might be thought bold ; but the boldest measures are the safest.”

The pilots, as men who had nothing but safety to think of, were terrified by the formidable report of the batteries of Elsinour, and the tremendous preparations which our negotiators, who were now returned from their fruitless mission, had witnessed. They, therefore, persuaded Sir Hyde to prefer the passage of the Belt. “ Let it be by the Sound, by the Belt, or any how,” cried Nelson, “ only lose not an hour !” On the 26th they sailed for the Belt : such was the habitual reserve of Sir Hyde that his own captain, the captain of the fleet, did not know which course he had resolved to take till the fleet were getting under weigh. When Capt. Domett was thus apprised of it, he felt it his duty to represent to the admiral his belief that,

if that course were persevered in, the ultimate object would be totally defeated : it was liable to long delays, and to accidents of ships grounding ; in the whole fleet there were only one captain, and one pilot, who knew any thing of this formidable passage, (as it was then deemed) and their knowledge was very slight : their instructions did not authorize them to attempt it ; —supposing them safe through the Belts, the heavy ships could not come over the *Grounds* to attack Copenhagen ; and light vessels would have no effect on such a line of defence as had been prepared against them. Domett urged these reasons so forcibly that Sir Hyde's opinion was shaken, and he consented to bring the fleet to, and send for Nelson on board. There can be little doubt but that the expedition would have failed, if Capt. Domett had not thus timely and earnestly given his advice.— Nelson entirely agreed with him ; and it was finally determined to take the passage of the Sound,—and the fleet returned to its former anchorage.

The next day was more idly expended in despatching a flag of truce to the governor of Cronenburgh Castle, to ask whether he had received orders to fire at the British fleet; as the admiral must consider the first gun to be a declaration of war on the part of Denmark. A soldier-like and becoming answer was returned to this formality. The governor said, that the British minister had not been sent away from Copenhagen, but had obtained a passport at his own demand. He himself, as a soldier, could not meddle with politics; but he was not at liberty to suffer a fleet, of which the intention was not yet known, to approach the guns of the castle which he had the honour to command: and he requested, if the British admiral should think proper to make any proposals to the King of Denmark, that he might be apprized of it before the fleet approached nearer. During this intercourse, a Dane, who came on board the commander's ship, having occasion to express his business in writing, found the pen blunt; and, holding it up,

sarcastically said, “ If your guns are not
“ better pointed than your pens, you will
“ make little impression on Copenhagen!”

On that day intelligence reached the admiral of the loss of one of his fleet, the *Invincible*, 74, wrecked on a sand bank, as she was coming out of Yarmouth; 400 of her men perished in her. Nelson, who was now appointed to lead the van, shifted his flag to the *Elephant*, Capt. Foley—a lighter ship than the *St. George*, and, therefore, fitter for the expected operations. The two following days were calm. Orders had been given to pass the Sound as soon as the wind would permit; and, on the afternoon of the 29th, the ships were cleared for action, with an alacrity characteristic of British seamen. At day-break, on the 30th, it blew a topsail breeze from N.W. The signal was made, and the fleet moved on in order of battle; Nelson’s division in the van, Sir Hyde’s in the centre, and Admiral Graves in the rear.

Great actions, whether military or naval, have generally given celebrity to the scenes

from whence they are denominated; and thus petty villages, and capes, and bays, known only to the coasting trader, become associated with mighty deeds, and their names are made conspicuous in the history of the world. Here, however, the scene was every way worthy of the drama. The political importance of the Sound is such, that grand objects are not needed there to impress the imagination; yet is the channel full of grand and interesting objects, both of art and nature. This passage, which Denmark had so long considered as the key of the Baltic, is, in its narrowest part, about three miles wide; and here the city of Elsinour is situated; except Copenhagen, the most flourishing of the Danish towns. Every vessel which passes lowers her top-gallant-sails, and pays toll at Elsinour: a toll which is believed to have had its origin in the consent of the traders to that sea, Denmark taking upon itself the charge of constructing light-houses, and erecting signals, to mark the shoals and rocks from the Cattegat to the

Baltic : and they, on their part, agreeing that all ships should pass this way, in order that all might pay their shares : none from that time using the passage of the Belt ; because it was not fitting that they, who enjoyed the benefit of the beacons in dark and stormy weather, should evade contributing to them in fair seasons and summer nights. Of late years about ten thousand vessels had annually paid this contribution in time of peace. Adjoining Elsineur, and at the edge of the peninsular promontory, upon the nearest point of land to the Swedish coast, stands Cronenburgh Castle, built after Tycho Brahe's design ; a magnificent pile—at once a palace, and fortress, and state-prison, with its spires and towers, and battlements and batteries. On the left of the strait is the old Swedish city of Helsingburg ; at the foot, and on the side of a hill. To the north of Helsingburg the shores are steep and rocky ; they lower to the south ; and the distant spires of Landscrona, Lund, and Malmoe, are seen in the flat country. The Danish shores consist partly

of ridges of sand ; but, more frequently, their slopes are covered with rich wood, and villages and villas, denoting the vicinity of a great capital. The isles of Huen, Statholm, and Amak, appear in the widening channel ; and, at the distance of twenty miles from Elsineur, stands Copenhagen, in full view ; the best city of the north, and one of the finest capitals of Europe ; visible, with its stately spires, far off. Amid these magnificent objects there are some which possess a peculiar interest for the recollections which they call forth. The isle of Huen, a lovely domain, about six miles in circumference, had been the munificent gift of Frederic the Second to Tycho Brahe. Here most of his discoveries were made ; and here the ruins are to be seen of his observatory, and of the mansion where he was visited by princes ; and where, with a princely spirit, he received and entertained all comers from all parts, and promoted science by his liberality, as well as by his labours. Elsineur is a name familiar to English ears, being inseparably associated

with Hamlet, and one of the noblest works of human genius. Cronenburgh had been the scene of deeper tragedy: here Queen Matilda was confined, the victim of a foul and murderous court intrigue. Here, amid heart-breaking griefs, she found consolation in nursing her infant. Here she took her everlasting leave of that infant, when by the interference of England, her own deliverance was obtained; and, as the ship bore her away from a country, where the venial indiscretions of youth, and unsuspecting gaiety had been so cruelly punished, upon these towers she fixed her eyes, and stood upon the deck, obstinately gazing toward them till the last speck had disappeared.

The Sound being the only frequented entrance to the Baltic, the great Mediterranean of the North, few parts of the sea display so frequent a navigation. In the height of the season not fewer than an hundred vessels pass every four-and-twenty hours, for many weeks in succession: but never had so busy or so splendid a scene been exhi-

bited there as on this day, when the British fleet prepared to force that passage, where, till now, all ships had vailed their top-sails to the flag of Denmark. The whole force consisted of fifty-one sail of various descriptions ; of which sixteen were of the line. The greater part of the bomb and gun vessels took their stations off Cronenburgh Castle, to cover the fleet ; while others on the larboard, were ready to engage the Swedish shore. The Danes, having improved every moment which ill-timed negotiation and baffling weather gave them, had lined their shore with batteries ; and as soon as the Monarch, which was the leading ship, came abreast of them, a fire was opened from about a hundred pieces of cannon and mortars : our light vessels immediately, in return, opened their fire upon the castle. Here was all the pompous circumstance, and exciting reality of war, without its effects ; for this ostentatious display was but a bloodless prelude to the wide and sweeping destruction which was soon to follow. The enemies' shot fell

near enough to splash the water on board our ships: not relying upon any forbearance of the Swedes, they meant to have kept the mid channel; but, when they perceived that not a shot was fired from Helsingburg, and that no batteries were to be seen on the Swedish shore, they inclined to that side, so as completely to get out of reach of the Danish guns. The uninterrupted blaze which was kept up from them till the fleet had passed, served only to exhilarate our sailors, and afford them matter for jest, as the shot fell in showers a full cable's length short of its destined aim. A few rounds were returned from some of our leading ships till they perceived its inutility:—this, however, occasioned the only bloodshed of the day, some of our men being killed and wounded by the bursting of a gun. As soon as the main body had passed, the gun vessels followed desisting from their bombardment, which had been as innocent as that of the enemy; and, about mid-day, the whole fleet anchored between the island of Huen and Copenhagen. Sir Hyde,

with Nelson, Admiral Graves, some of the senior captains, and the commanding officers of the artillery and the troops, then proceeded in a lugger, to reconnoitre the enemies' means of defence ; a formidable line of ships, radeaus, pontoons, galleys, fire-ships, and gun-boats, flanked and supported by extensive batteries, and occupying, from one extreme point to the other, an extent of nearly four miles.

A council of war was held in the afternoon. It was apparent that the Danes could not be attacked without great difficulty and risk ; and some of the members of the council spoke of the number of the Swedes and the Russians whom they should afterwards have to engage, as a consideration which ought to be borne in mind. Nelson, who kept pacing the cabin, impatient as he ever was of any thing which savoured of irresolution, repeatedly said, " The more numerous the better, I wish " they were twice as many,—the easier the " victory, depend on it." The plan upon which he had determined, if ever it should

be his fortune to bring a Baltic fleet to action, was, to attack the head of their line, and confuse their movements.—“Close with a Frenchman,” he used to say, “but outmanœuvre a Russian.” He offered his services for the attack, requiring ten sail of the line, and the whole of the smaller craft. Sir Hyde gave him two more line of battle ships than he asked, and left every thing to his judgment.

The enemy's force was not the only, nor the greatest, obstacle with which the British fleet had to contend: there was another to be overcome before they could come in contact with it. The channel was little known, and extremely intricate; all the buoys had been removed; and the Danes considered this difficulty as almost insuperable, thinking the channel impracticable for so large a fleet. Nelson himself saw the soundings made, and the buoys laid down, boating it upon this exhausting service, day and night, till it was effected. When this was done, he thanked God for having enabled him to get through this dif-

ficult part of his duty. “It had worn him
“down,” he said, “and was infinitely
“more grievous to him than any resistance
“which he could experience from the
“enemy.”

At the first council of war, opinions inclined to an attack from the eastward : but the next day, the wind being southerly, after a second examination of the Danish position, it was determined to attack from the south, approaching in the manner which Nelson had suggested in his first thoughts. On the morning of the 1st of April the whole fleet removed to an anchorage within two leagues of the town, and off the N. W. end of the Middle Ground; a shoal lying exactly before the town, at about three quarters of a mile distance, and extending along its whole sea front. The King’s Channel, where there is deep water, is between this shoal and the town; and here the Danes had arranged their line of defence, as near the shore as possible;—nineteen ships and floating batteries, flanked, at the end nearest the town by the

Crown Batteries, which were two artificial islands, at the mouth of the harbour—most formidable works; the larger one having, by the Danish account, sixty-six guns; but, as Nelson believed, eighty-eight. The fleet having anchored, Nelson, with Riou, in the Amazon, made his last examination of the ground; and, about one o'clock, returning to his own ship, threw out the signal to weigh. It was received with a shout throughout the whole division; they weighed with a light and favourable wind: the narrow channel between the island of Saltholm and the Middle Ground had been accurately buoyed; the small craft pointed out the course distinctly; Riou led the way: the whole division coasted along the outer edge of the shoal, doubled its farther extremity, and anchored there off Draco Point, just as the darkness closed—the headmost of the enemy's line not being more than two miles distant. The signal to prepare for action had been made early in the evening; and, as his own anchor dropt, Nelson called out, "I will fight them the

“ moment I have a fair wind.” It had been agreed that Sir Hyde, with the remaining ships, should weigh on the following morning, at the same time as Nelson, to menace the Crown Batteries on his side, and the four ships of the line which lay at the entrance of the arsenal ; and to cover our own disabled ships as they came out of action.

The Danes, meantime, had not been idle : no sooner did the guns of Cronenburgh make it known to the whole city that all negotiation was at an end, that the British fleet was passing the Sound, and that the dispute between the two crowns must now be decided by arms, than a spirit displayed itself most honourable to the Danish character. All ranks offered themselves to the service of their country ; the university furnished a corps of twelve hundred youths, the flower of Denmark :—it was one of those emergencies in which little drilling or discipline is necessary to render courage available ; they had nothing to learn but how to manage the guns, and

day and night were employed in practising them. When the movements of Nelson's squadron were perceived, it was known when and where the attack was to be expected, and the line of defence was manned indiscriminately by soldiers, sailors, and citizens. Had not the whole attention of the Danes been directed to strengthen their own means of defence, they might most materially have annoyed the invading squadron, and, perhaps, frustrated the impending attack; for the British ships were crowded in an anchoring ground of little extent:—it was calm, so that mortar-boats might have acted against them to the utmost advantage; and they were within range of shells from Amak Island. A few fell among them; but the enemy soon ceased to fire. It was learnt afterwards, that, fortunately for the fleet, the bed of the mortar had given way; and the Danes either could not get it replaced, or, in the darkness, lost the direction.

This was an awful night for Copenhagen, —far more so than for the British fleet,

where the men were accustomed to battle and victory, and had none of those objects before their eyes, which render death terrible. Nelson sat down to table with a large party of his officers : he was, as he was ever wont to be when on the eve of action, in high spirits, and drank to a leading wind, and to the success of the morrow. After supper they returned to their respective ships, except Riou, who remained to arrange the order of battle with Nelson and Foley, and to draw up instructions : Hardy, meantime, went in a small boat to examine the channel between them and the enemy ; approaching so near, that he sounded round their leading ship with a pole, lest the noise of throwing the lead should discover him. The incessant fatigue of body, as well as mind, which Nelson had undergone during the last three days, had so exhausted him, that he was earnestly urged to go to his cot ; and his old servant, Allen, using that kind of authority, which long and affectionate services entitled and enabled him to assume

on such occasions, insisted upon his complying. The cot was placed on the floor, and he continued to dictate from it. About eleven Hardy returned, and reported the practicability of the channel, and the depth of water up to the enemies' line. About one, the orders were completed; and half a dozen clerks, in the foremost cabin, proceeded to transcribe them: Nelson frequently calling out to them from his cot to hasten their work, for the wind was becoming fair. Instead of attempting to get a few hours of sleep, he was constantly receiving reports on this important point. At day-break it was announced as becoming perfectly fair. The clerks finished their work about six. Nelson, who was already up, breakfasted, and made signal for all captains. The land forces, and five hundred seamen, under Capt. Freemantle and the Hon. Col. Stewart, were to storm the Crown Battery as soon as its fire should be silenced: and Riou—whom Nelson had never seen till this expedition, but whose worth he had instantly perceived, and ap-

preciated as it deserved—had the *Blanche* and *Alcmene* frigates, the *Dart* and *Arrow* sloops, and the *Zephyr* and *Otter* fire-ships, given him, with a special command to act as circumstances might require:—every other ship had its station appointed.

Between eight and nine, the pilots and masters were ordered on board the admiral's ships. The pilots were mostly men who had been mates in Baltic traders; and their hesitation about the bearing of the east end of the shoal, and the exact line of deep water, gave ominous warning of how little their knowledge was to be trusted. The signal for action had been made, the wind was fair—not a moment to be lost. Nelson urged them to be steady,—to be resolute, and to decide: but they wanted the only ground for steadiness and decision in such cases; and Nelson had reason to regret that he had not trusted to Hardy's single report. This was one of the most painful moments of his life; and he always spoke of it with bitterness. “I experienced in “the Sound,” said he, “the misery of

“ having the honour of our country in-
“ trusted to a set of pilots, who have no
“ other thought than to keep the ships
“ clear of danger, and their own silly heads
“ clear of shot. Every body knows what
“ I must have suffered: and if any merit
“ attaches itself to me, it was for combat-
“ ing the dangers of the shallows in de-
“ fiance of them.” At length Mr. Bryerly,
the master of the *Bellona*, declared that
he was prepared to lead the fleet: his
judgment was acceded to by the rest: they
returned to their ships; and, at half-past
nine, the signal was made to weigh in
succession.

Capt. Murray, in the *Edgar*, led the
way; the *Agamemnon* was next in order;
but, on the first attempt to leave her an-
chorage, she could not weather the edge of
the shoal; and Nelson had the grief to see
his old ship, in which he had performed so
many years gallant services, immoveably
aground, at a moment when her help was
so greatly required. Signal was then made
for the *Polyphemus*: and this change in

the order of sailing was executed with the utmost promptitude: yet so much delay had thus been unavoidably occasioned, that the *Edgar* was for some time unsupported: and the *Polyphemus*, whose place should have been at the end of the enemy's line, where their strength was the greatest, could get no further than the beginning, owing to the difficulty of the channel: there she occupied, indeed, an efficient station, but one where her presence was less required. The *Isis* followed, with better fortune, and took her own birth. The *Bellona*, Sir Thomas Boulden Thompson, kept too close on the starboard shoal, and grounded abreast of the outer ship of the enemy: this was the more vexatious, inasmuch as the wind was fair, the room ample, and three ships had led the way. The *Russell*, following the *Bellona*, grounded in like manner: both were within reach of shot; but their absence from their intended stations was severely felt. Each ship had been ordered to pass her leader on the starboard side, because the water was sup-

posed to shoal on the larboard shore. Nelson, who came next after these two ships, thought they had kept too far on the starboard direction, and made signal for them to close with the enemy, not knowing that they were aground: but, when he perceived that they did not obey the signal, he ordered the Elephant's helm to starboard, and went within these ships: thus quitting the appointed order of sailing, and guiding those which were to follow. The greater part of the fleet were probably, by this act of promptitude on his part, saved from going on shore. Each ship, as she arrived nearly opposite to her appointed station, let her anchor go by the stern, and presented her broadside to the Danes. The distance between each was about a half cable. The action was fought nearly at the distance of a cable's length from the enemy. This, which rendered its continuance so long, was owing to the ignorance and consequent indecision of the pilots. In pursuance of the same error which had led the Bellona and the Russell aground, they, when

the lead was at a quarter less five, refused to approach nearer, in dread of shoaling their water on the larboard shore: a fear altogether erroneous, for the water deepened up to the very side of the enemy's line.

At five minutes after ten the action began. The first half of our fleet was engaged in about half an hour; and, by half-past eleven, the battle became general. The plan of the attack had been complete: but seldom has any plan been more disconcerted by untoward accidents. Of twelve ships of the line, one was entirely useless, and two others in a situation where they could not render half the service which was required of them. Of the squadron of gun-brigs only one could get into action: the rest were prevented, by baffling currents, from weathering the eastern end of the shoal; and only two of the bomb-vessels could reach their station on the Middle Ground, and open their mortars on the arsenal, firing over both fleets. Riou took the vacant station against the

Crown Battery, with his frigates ; attempting, with that unequal force, a service in which three sail of the line had been directed to assist.

Nelson's agitation had been extreme when he saw himself, before the action begun, deprived of a fourth part of his ships of the line ; but no sooner was he in battle, where his squadron was received with the fire of more than a thousand guns, than, as if that artillery, like music, had driven away all care and painful thoughts, his countenance brightened ; and, as a bystander describes him, his conversation became joyous, animated, elevated, and delightful. The commander in chief meantime, near enough to the scene of action to know the unfavourable accidents which had so materially weakened Nelson, and yet too distant to know the real state of the contending parties, suffered the most dreadful anxiety. To get to his assistance was impossible ; both wind and current were against him. Fear for the event, in such circumstances, would naturally prepon-

derate in the bravest mind; and, at one o'clock, perceiving that, after three hours' endurance, the enemy's fire was unslackened, he began to despair of success. "I will make the signal of recal," said he to his captain, "for Nelson's sake. If he is in a condition to continue the action successfully, he will disregard it; if he is not, it will be an excuse for his retreat, and no blame can be imputed to him." Capt. Domett urged him at least to delay the signal, till he could communicate with Nelson; but, in Sir Hyde's opinion, the danger was too pressing for delay:—"The fire," he said, "was too hot for Nelson to oppose; a retreat he thought must be made,—he was aware of the consequences to his own personal reputation, but it would be cowardly in him to leave Nelson to bear the whole shame of the failure, if shame it should be deemed." Under a mistaken judgment,* therefore, but with this disinterested and

* I have great pleasure in rendering this justice to Sir Hyde Parker's reasoning. The fact is here stated upon the highest and most unquestionable authority.

generous feeling, he made the signal for retreat.

Nelson was at this time, in all the excitement of action, pacing the quarter-deck. A shot through the mainmast knocked the splinters about ; and he observed to one of his officers with a smile, “ It is warm work ; “ and this day may be the last to any of “ us at a moment : ” —and then stopping short at the gangway, added, with emotion —“ But mark you ! I would not be elsewhere for thousands.” About this time the signal lieutenant called out, that No. 39, (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the commander in chief. He continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat it. “ No,” he replied ; “ acknowledge it.” Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted ; and being answered in the affirmative, said “ Mind you keep “ it so.” He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner

which always indicated great emotion. “Do
“you know,” said he to Mr. Ferguson,
“what is shewn on board the commander-in-
“chief? No. 39!” Mr. Ferguson asked
what that meant.—“Why, to leave off ac-
“tion!” Then, shrugging up his shoulders,
he repeated the words—“Leave off action?
“Now, damn me if I do! You know,
“Foley,” turning to the captain, “I have
“only one eye,—I have a right to be blind
“sometimes :”—and then, putting the glass
to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which
sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, “I
“really do not see the signal!” Presently
he exclaimed, “Damn the signal! Keep
“mine for closer battle flying! That’s the
“way I answer such signals! Nail mine
“to the mast!” Admiral Graves, who was
so situated that he could not discern what
was done on board the Elephant, disobeyed
Sir Hyde’s signal in like manner: whether
by fortunate mistake, or by a like brave
intention, has not been made known. The
other ships of the line, looking only to Nel-
son, continued the action. The signal, how-

ever, saved Riou's little squadron, but did not save its heroic leader. This squadron, which was nearest the commander-in-chief, obeyed, and hauled off. It had suffered severely in its most unequal contest. For a long time the Amazon had been firing, enveloped in smoke, when Riou desired his men to stand fast, and let the smoke clear off, that they might see what they were about. A fatal order; for the Danes then got clear sight of her from the batteries, and pointed their guns with such tremendous effect, that nothing but the signal for retreat saved this frigate from destruction. "What will Nelson think of us!" was Riou's mournful exclamation, when he unwillingly drew off. He had been wounded in the head by a splinter, and was sitting on a gun, encouraging his men, when, just as the Amazon shewed her stern to the Trekroner battery, his clerk was killed by his side; and another shot swept away several marines, who were hauling in the main brace. "Come, then, my boys!" cried Riou; "let us die all together!" The

words had scarcely been uttered, before a raking shot cut him in two. Except it had been Nelson himself, the British navy could not have suffered a severer loss.

The action continued along the line with unabated vigour on our side, and with the most determined resolution on the part of the Danes. They fought to great advantage, because most of the vessels in their line of defence were without masts: the few which had any standing had their top-masts struck, and the hulls could only be seen at intervals. The *Isis* must have been destroyed by the superior weight of her enemy's fire, if Capt. Inman, in the *Desirée* frigate, had not judiciously taken a situation which enabled him to rake the *Dane*, and if the *Polyphemus* had not also relieved her. Both in the *Bellona* and the *Isis* many men were lost by the bursting of their guns. The former ship was about forty years old, and these guns were believed to be the same which she had first taken to sea: they were, probably, originally faulty, for the fragments were full of

little air-holes. The *Bellona* lost seventy-five men ; the *Isis*, one hundred and ten ; the *Monarch*, two hundred and ten. She was, more than any other line of battle ship, exposed to the great battery ; and, supporting at the same time the united fire of the *Holstein* and the *Zealand*, her loss this day exceeded that of any single ship during the whole war. Amid the tremendous carnage in this vessel, some of the men displayed a singular instance of coolness : the pork and peas happened to be in the kettle ; a shot knocked its contents about ; —they picked up the pieces, and ate and fought at the same time.

The prince royal had taken his station upon one of the batteries, from whence he beheld the action, and issued his orders. Denmark had never been engaged in so arduous a contest, and never did the Danes more nobly display their national courage : —a courage not more unhappily, than impolitically exerted in subserviency to the interest of France. Capt. Thura, of the *Indføedsretten*, fell early in the action ;

and all his officers, except one lieutenant and one marine officer, were either killed or wounded. In the confusion, the colours were either struck, or shot away ; but she was moored athwart one of the batteries in such a situation, that the British made no attempt to board her ; and a boat was despatched to the prince, to inform him of her situation. He turned to those about him, and said, “ Gentlemen, Thura is killed ; “ which of you will take the command ? ” Schroedersee, a captain who had lately resigned, on account of extreme ill health, answered, in a feeble voice, “ I will ! ” and hastened on board. The crew, perceiving a new commander coming alongside, hoisted their colours again, and fired a broadside. Schroedersee, when he came on deck, found himself surrounded by the dead and wounded, and called to those in the boat to get quickly on board : a ball struck him at that moment. A lieutenant, who had accompanied him, then took the command, and continued to fight the ship. A youth of seventeen, by name Villemoes, particularly

distinguished himself on this memorable day. He had volunteered to take the command of a floating battery; which was a raft, consisting merely of a number of beams nailed together, with a flooring to support the guns: it was square, with a breast-work full of port-holes, and without masts,—carrying twenty-four guns, and one hundred and twenty men. With this he got under the stern of the *Elephant*, below the reach of the stern-chasers; and, under a heavy fire of small arms from the marines, fought his raft, till the truce was announced, with such skill, as well as courage, as to excite Nelson's warmest admiration.

Between one and two the fire of the *Danes* slackened; about two it ceased from the greater part of their line, and some of their lighter ships were adrift. It was, however, difficult to take possession of those who struck, because the batteries on *Amak Island* protected them; and because an irregular fire was kept up from the ships themselves as the boats approached. This

arose from the nature of the action; the crews were continually reinforced from the shore: and fresh men coming on board, did not inquire whether the flag had been struck, or, perhaps, did not heed it;—many, or most of them, never having been engaged in war before,—knowing nothing, therefore, of its laws, and thinking only of defending their country to the last extremity. The Danbrog fired upon the Elephant's boats in this manner, though her commodore had removed her pendant and deserted her, though she had struck, and though she was in flames. After she had been abandoned by the commodore, Braun fought her till he lost his right hand, and then Capt. Lemming took the command. This unexpected renewal of her fire made the Elephant and Glatton renew theirs, till she was not only silenced, but nearly every man in the praams, ahead and astern of her, was killed. When the smoke of their guns died away, she was seen drifting in flames before the wind: those of her crew, who remained alive,

and able to exert themselves, throwing themselves out at her port-holes.

Capt. Rothe commanded the Nyeborg praam; and, perceiving that she could not much longer be kept afloat, made for the inner road. As he passed the line, he found the Aggershuus praam in a more miserable condition than his own; her masts had all gone by the board, and she was on the point of sinking. Rothe made fast a cable to her stern, and towed her off: but he could get her no further than a shoal, called Stubben, when she sunk; and soon after he had worked the Nyeborg up to the landing place, that vessel also sunk to her gunwale. Never did any vessel come out of action in a more dreadful plight. The stump of her foremast was the only stick standing; her cabin had been stove in; every gun, except a single one, was dismounted; and her deck was covered with shattered limbs and dead bodies.

By half-past two the action had ceased along that part of the line which was astern of the Elephant, but not with the ships

ahead and the Crown Batteries. Nelson, seeing the manner in which his boats were fired upon, when they went to take possession of the prizes, became angry, and said, he must either send on shore to have this irregular proceeding stopt, or send a fire ship and burn them. Half the shot from the Trekroner, and from the batteries at Amak at this time, struck the surrendered ships, four of which had got close together; and the fire of the English, in return, was equally or even more destructive to these poor devoted Danes. Nelson, who was as humane as he was brave, was shocked at this massacre,—for such he called it: and, with a presence of mind peculiar to himself, and never more signally displayed than now, he retired into the stern gallery, and wrote thus to the crown prince: “Vice-
“Admiral Lord Nelson has been com-
“manded to spare Denmark, when she no
“longer resists. The line of defence which
“covered her shores has struck to the Bri-
“tish flag: but if the firing is continued on
“the part of Denmark, he must set on fire

“ all the prizes that he has taken, without
“ having the power of saving the men who
“ have so nobly defended them. The brave
“ Danes are the brothers, and should never
“ be the enemies, of the English.” A
wafer was given him; but he ordered a
candle to be brought from the cockpit, and
sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger
seal than he ordinarily used. “ This,”
said he, “ is no time to appear hurried and
“ informal.” Capt. Sir Frederic Thesiger,
who acted as his aid-de-camp, carried this
letter with a flag of truce. Meantime, the
fire of the ships ahead, and the approach
of the Ramillies and Defence, from Sir
Hyde’s division, which had now worked
near enough to alarm the enemy, though
not to injure them, silenced the remainder
of the Danish line to the eastward of the
Trekroner. That battery, however, con-
tinued its fire. This formidable work, ow-
ing to the want of the ships which had been
destined to attack it, and the inadequate
force of Riou’s little squadron, was com-
paratively uninjured: towards the close of

the action it had been manned with nearly fifteen hundred men ; and the intention of storming it, for which every preparation had been made, was abandoned as impracticable.

During Thesiger's absence, Nelson sent for Freemantle, from the Ganges, and consulted with him and Foley, whether it was advisable to advance, with those ships which had sustained least damage, against the yet uninjured part of the Danish line. They were decidedly of opinion, that the best thing which could be done was, while the wind continued fair, to remove the fleet out of the intricate channel, from which it had to retreat. In somewhat more than half an hour after Thesiger had been despatched, the Danish Adjutant-General Lindholm came, bearing a flag of truce : upon which the Trekroner ceased to fire, and the action closed, after four hours' continuance. He brought an inquiry from the prince, What was the object of Nelson's note ? The British admiral wrote in reply : " Lord Nelson's object in sending

“ the flag of truce was humanity : he there-
“ fore consents that hostilities shall cease,
“ and that the wounded Danes may be
“ taken on shore. And Lord Nelson will
“ take his prisoners out of the vessels, and
“ burn or carry off his prizes as he shall
“ think fit. Lord Nelson, with humble
“ duty to his royal highness the prince,
“ will consider this the greatest victory he
“ has ever gained, if it may be the cause of
“ a happy reconciliation and union between
“ his own most gracious sovereign and his
“ majesty the king of Denmark.” — Sir
Frederic Thesiger was despatched a second
time with the reply ; and the Danish ad-
jutant-general was referred to the com-
mander-in-chief for a conference upon this
overture. Lindholm assenting to this,
proceeded to the London, which was riding
at anchor full four miles off ; and Nelson,
losing not one of the critical moments which
he had thus gained, made signal for his
leading ships to weigh in succession :—
they had the shoal to clear, they were
much crippled, and their course was im-

mediately under the guns of the *Trekroner*.

The *Monarch* led the way. This ship had received six and twenty shot between wind and water. She had not a shroud standing; there was a double-headed shot in the heart of her foremast, and the slightest wind would have sent every mast* over her side. The imminent danger from which Nelson had extricated himself soon became apparent; the *Monarch* touched immediately upon a shoal, over which she was pushed by the *Ganges* taking her amid ships; the *Glatton* went clear; but the other two, the *Defiance* and the *Elephant*, grounded about a mile from the *Trekroner*, and there re-

* It would have been well if the fleet, before they went under the batteries, had left their spare spars moored out of reach of shot. Many would have been saved which were destroyed lying on the booms, and the hurt done by their splinters would have been saved also. Small craft could have towed them up when they were required: and, after such an action, so many must necessarily be wanted, that, if those which were not in use were wounded, it might thus have rendered impossible to refit the ships.

mained fixed, for many hours, in spite of all the exertions of their wearied crews. The *Desirée* frigate also, at the other end of the line, having gone toward the close of the action to assist the *Bellona*, became fast on the same shoal. Nelson left the *Elephant*, soon after she took the ground, to follow *Lindholm*. The heat of action was over; and that kind of feeling, which the surrounding scene of havock was so well fitted to produce, pressed heavily upon his exhausted spirits. The sky had suddenly become overcast; white flags were waving from the mast-heads of so many shattered ships:—the slaughter had ceased, but the grief was to come; for the account of the dead was not yet made up, and no man could tell for what friends he might have to mourn. The very silence which follows the cessation of such a battle becomes a weight upon the heart at first, rather than a relief; and though the work of mutual destruction was at an end, the *Danbrog* was, at this time, drifting about in flames: presently she blew up; while our boats, which

had put off in all directions to assist her, were endeavouring to pick up her devoted crew, few of whom could be saved. The fate of these men after the gallantry which they had displayed particularly affected Nelson: for there was nothing in this action of that indigation against the enemy, and that impression of retributive justice, which at the Nile had given a sterner temper to his mind, and a sense of austere delight, in beholding the vengeance of which he was the appointed minister. The Danes were an honourable foe; they were of English mould as well as English blood; and now that the battle had ceased, he regarded them rather as brethren than as enemies. There was another reflection also, which mingled with these melancholy thoughts, and predisposed him to receive them. He was not here master of his own movements, as at Egypt; he had won the day by disobeying his orders; and in so far as he had been successful, had convicted the commander in chief of an error in judgment. “Well,” said he, as he left the Elephant,

“ I have fought contrary to orders, and I
“ shall perhaps be hanged. Never mind:
“ let them !”

This was the language of a man, who, while he is giving utterance to an uneasy thought, clothes it half in jest, because he half repents that it has been disclosed. His services had been too eminent on that day. His judgment too conspicuous, his success too signal, for any commander, however jealous of his own authority, or envious of another's merits, to express any thing but satisfaction and gratitude ; which Sir Hyde heartily felt, and sincerely expressed. It was speedily agreed that there should be a suspension of hostilities for four and twenty hours ; that all the prizes should be surrendered, and the wounded Danes carried on shore. There was a pressing necessity for this ; for the Danes, either from too much confidence in the strength of their position, and the difficulty of the channel ; or, supposing that the wounded might be carried on shore during the action, which was found totally imprac-

ticable ; or, perhaps, from the confusion which the attack excited, had provided no surgeons : so that, when our men boarded the captured ships, they found many of the mangled and mutilated Danes bleeding to death, for want of proper assistance : a scene, of all others, the most shocking to a brave man's feelings.

The boats of Sir Hyde's division were actively employed all night in bringing out the prizes, and in getting afloat the ships which were on shore. At day-break, Nelson, who had slept in his own ship, the *St. George*, rowed to the *Elephant* ; and his delight at finding her afloat seemed to give him new life. There he took an hasty breakfast, praising the men for their exertions, and then pushed off to the prizes, which had not yet been removed. The *Zealand*, 74, the last which struck, had drifted on the shoal under the *Trekroner* ; and relying, as it seems, upon the protection which that battery might have afforded, refused to acknowledge herself captured ; saying, that though it was true her flag was not to be

seen, her pendant was still flying. Nelson ordered one of our brigs and three long-boats to approach her, and rowed up himself to one of the enemy's ships, to communicate with the commodore. This officer proved to be an old acquaintance, whom he had known in the West Indies : so he invited himself on board ; and, with that urbanity, as well as decision, which always characterized him, urged his claim to the Zealand so well, that it was admitted. The men from the boats lashed a cable round her bowsprit, and the gun-vessel towed her away. It is affirmed, and probably with truth, that the Danes felt more pain at beholding this, than at all their misfortunes on the preceding day : and one of the officers, Commodore Steen Bille, went to the Trekroner Battery, and asked the commander, why he had not sunk the Zealand, rather than suffer her thus to be carried off by the enemy ?

This was, indeed, a mournful day for Copenhagen ! It was Good Friday ; but the general agitation, and the mourning

which was in every house, made all distinction of days be forgotten. There were, at that hour, thousands in that city, who felt, and more, perhaps, who needed, the consolations of Christianity;—but few or none who could be calm enough to think of its observances. The English were actively employed in refitting their own ships, securing the prizes, and distributing the prisoners; the Danes, in carrying on shore and disposing of the wounded and the dead.—It had been a murderous action. Our loss, in killed and wounded, was nine hundred and fifty-three. Part of this slaughter might have been spared. The commanding officer of the troops on board one of our ships, asked where his men should be stationed? He was told that they could be of no use; that they were not near enough for musquetry, and were not wanted at the guns; they had, therefore, better go below. This, he said, was impossible,—it would be a disgrace that could never be wiped away. They were, therefore, drawn up upon the gangway, to satisfy this cruel

point of honour; and there, without the possibility of annoying the enemy, they were mowed down! The loss of the Danes, including prisoners, amounted to about six thousand. The negotiations, meantime, went on; and it was agreed that Nelson should have an interview with the prince the following day. Hardy and Freemantle landed with him. This was a thing as unexampled as the other circumstances of the battle. A strong guard was appointed to escort him to the palace, as much for the purpose of security as of honour. The populace, according to the British account, shewed a mixture of admiration, curiosity, and displeasure, at beholding that man in the midst of them who had inflicted such wounds upon Denmark. But there were neither acclamations nor murmurs. “The
“ people,” says a Dane, “ did not degrade
“ themselves with the former, nor disgrace
“ themselves with the latter: the admiral
“ was received as one brave enemy ever
“ ought to receive another:—he was re-
“ ceived with respect.” The preliminaries

of the negotiation were adjusted at this interview. During the repast which followed, Nelson, with all the sincerity of his character, bore willing testimony to the valour of his foes. He told the prince, that he had been in an hundred and five engagements, but that this was the most tremendous of all. "The French," he said, "fought bravely; but they could not have stood for one hour, the fight which the Danes had supported for four." He requested that Villemoes might be introduced to him; and, shaking hands with the youth, told the prince that he ought to be made an admiral. The prince replied: "If, my lord, I am to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service."

The sympathy of the Danes for their countrymen, who had bled in their defence, was not weakened by distance of time or place in this instance. Things needful for the service, or the comfort of the wounded, were sent in profusions to the hospitals, till the superintendants gave public notice

that they could receive no more. On the third day after the action the dead were buried in the naval church yard : the ceremony was made as public and as solemn as the occasion required ;—such a procession had never before been seen in that, or, perhaps, in any other city. A public monument was erected upon the spot where the slain were gathered together. A subscription was opened on the day of the funeral for the relief of the sufferers, and collections in aid of it made throughout all the churches in the kingdom. This appeal to the feelings of the people was made with circumstances which gave it full effect. A monument was raised in the midst of the church, surmounted by the Danish colours : young maidens, dressed in white, stood round it, with either one who had been wounded in the battle, or the widow and orphans of some one who had fallen : a suitable oration was delivered from the pulpit, and patriotic hymns and songs were afterwards performed. Medals were distributed to all the officers, and to the men who

had distinguished themselves. Poets and painters vied with each other in celebrating a battle, which, disastrous as it was, had yet been honourable to their country: some with pardonable sophistry, represented the advantage of the day as on their own side. One writer discovered a more curious, but less disputable ground of satisfaction, in the reflection, that Nelson, as may be inferred from his name, was of Danish descent, and his actions, therefore, the Dane argued, were attributable to Danish valour.

The negotiation was continued during the five following days; and, in that interval, the prizes were disposed of, in a manner which was little approved by Nelson. Six line of battle ships and eight praams had been taken. Of these, the Holstein, 64, was the only one which was sent home. The Zealand was a finer ship: but the Zealand, and all the others, were burnt, and their brass battering cannon sunk with the hulls in such shoal water, that, when the fleet returned from Revel, they found

the Danes, with craft over the wrecks employed in getting the guns up again. Nelson, though he forbore from any public expression of displeasure at seeing the proofs and trophies of his victory destroyed, did not forget to represent to the admiralty the case of those who were thus deprived of their prize-money. "Whether," said he to Earl. St. Vincent, "Sir Hyde Parker may
" mention the subject to you, I know not ;
" for he is rich and does not want it : nor is
" it, you will believe me, any desire to get
" a few hundred pounds that actuates me
" to address this letter to you ; but justice
" to the brave officers and men who fought
" on that day. It is true our opponents
" were in hulks and floats, only adapted
" for the position they were in ; but that
" made our battle so much the harder, and
" victory so much the more difficult to
" obtain. Believe me, I have weighed all
" circumstances ; and, in my conscience, I
" think that the king should send a gra-
" cious message to the house of commons
" for a gift to this fleet : for what must

“ be the natural feelings of the officers and
“ men belonging to it, to see their rich
“ commander in chief burn all the fruits of
“ their victory,—which if fitted up and sent
“ to England, (as many of them might
“ have been by dismantling part of our
“ fleet,) would have sold for a good round
“ sum.”

On the 9th Nelson landed again, to conclude the terms of the armistice. During its continuance the armed ships and vessels of Denmark were to remain in their then actual situation, as to armament, equipment, and hostile position; and the treaty of armed neutrality, as far as related to the co-operation of Denmark, was suspended. The prisoners were to be sent on shore; an acknowledgment being given for them, and for the wounded also, that they might be carried to Great Britain's credit in the account of war in case hostilities should be renewed. The British fleet was allowed to provide itself with all things requisite for the health and comfort of its men. A difficulty arose respecting the duration of

the armistice. The Danish commissioners fairly stated their fears of Russia ; and Nelson, with that frankness, which sound policy and the sense of power seem often to require as well as justify in diplomacy, told them, his reason for demanding a long term was, that he might have time to act against the Russian fleet, and then return to Copenhagen. Neither party would yield upon this point ; and one of the Danes hinted at the renewal of hostilities. “ Re-
“ new hostilities ! ” cried Nelson to one of his friends,—for he understood French enough to comprehend what was said, though not to answer it in the same language ;—
“ tell him we are ready at a moment !—
“ Ready to bombard this very night ! ”—The conference, however, proceeded amicably on both sides ; and as the commissioners could not agree upon this head, they broke up, leaving Nelson to settle it with the prince. A levee was held forthwith in one of the state rooms ; a scene well suited for such a consultation : for all these rooms had been stript of their furniture, in fear of a bom-

bardment. To a bombardment also Nelson was looking at this time: fatigue and anxiety, and vexation at the dilatory measures of the commander in chief, combined to make him irritable: and as he was on the way to the prince's dining-room, he whispered to the officer on whose arm he was leaning, "Though I have only one eye, "I can see that all this will burn well." After dinner he was closeted with the prince; and they agreed that the armistice should continue fourteen weeks; and that, at its termination, fourteen days' notice should be given before the recommencement of hostilities.

An official account of the battle was published by Olfert Fischer, the Danish commander in chief, in which it was asserted that our force was greatly superior; nevertheless, that two of our ships of the line had struck, that the others were so weakened, and especially Lord Nelson's own ship, as to fire only single shots for an hour before the end of the action; and that this hero himself, in the middle and very heat

of the conflict, sent a flag of truce on shore, to propose a cessation of hostilities. For the truth of this account the Dane appealed to the prince, and all those who, like him, had been eye-witnesses of the scene. Nelson was exceedingly indignant at such a statement, and addressed a letter, in confutation of it, to the Adjutant-General Lindholm; thinking this incumbent upon him, for the information of the prince, since his royal highness had been appealed to as a witness: "Otherwise," said he, "had Commodore Fischer confined himself to his own veracity, I should have treated his official letter with the contempt it deserved, and allowed the world to appreciate the merits of the two contending officers." After pointing out and detecting some of the mistatements in the account, he proceeds: "As to his nonsense about victory, his royal highness will not much credit him. I sunk, burnt, captured, or drove into the harbour, the whole line of defence to the southward of the Crown Islands. He says he is told that two

“ British ships struck. Why did he not
“ take possession of them? I took posses-
“ sion of his as fast as they struck. The
“ reason is clear, that he did not believe it:
“ he must have known the falsity of the
“ report.—He states, that the ship in which
“ I had the honour to hoist my flag, fired
“ latterly only single guns. It is true: for
“ steady and cool were my brave fellows,
“ and did not wish to throw away a single
“ shot. He seems to exult that I sent on
“ shore a flag of truce.—You know, and
“ his royal highness knows, that the guns
“ fired from the shore could only fire
“ through the Danish ships which had sur-
“ rendered; and that, if I fired at the shore,
“ it could only be in the same manner.
“ God forbid that I should destroy an un-
“ resisting Dane! When they became my
“ prisoners I became their protector.”

This letter was written in terms of great asperity against the Danish commander. Lindholm replied in a manner every way honourable to himself. He vindicated the commodore in some points, and excused

him in others; reminding Nelson, that every commander in chief was liable to receive incorrect reports. With a natural desire to represent the action in a most favourable light to Denmark, he took into the comparative strength of the two parties the ships which were aground, and which could not get into action; and omitted the Trekroner and the batteries upon Amak Island. He disclaimed all idea of claiming as a victory “what to every intent and purpose,” said he, “was a defeat,—but not an inglorious one. As to your lordship’s motive for sending a flag of truce, it never can be misconstrued; and your subsequent conduct has sufficiently shewn that humanity is always the companion of true valour. You have done more; you have shewn yourself a friend to the re-establishment of peace and good harmony between this country and Great Britain. It is therefore, with the sincerest esteem I shall always feel myself attached to your lordship.” Thus handsomely winding up his reply he soothed and contented Nel-

son; who, drawing up a memorandum of the comparative force of the two parties, for his own satisfaction, assured Lindholm, that if the commodore's statement had been in the same manly and honourable strain, he would have been the last man to have noticed any little inaccuracies which might get into a commander in chief's public letter.

For the battle of Copenhagen, Nelson was raised to the rank of viscount:—an inadequate mark of reward for services so splendid and of such paramount importance to the dearest interests of England. There was, however, some prudence in dealing out honours to him step by step: had he lived long enough, he would have fought his way up to a dukedom.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTENTS.

Sir Hyde Parker is recalled, and Nelson appointed Commander.—He goes to Revel.—Settlement of Affairs in the Baltic.—Unsuccessful Attempt upon the Flotilla at Boulogne.—Peace of Amiens.—Nelson takes the Command in the Mediterranean on the Renewal of the War.—Escape of the Toulon Fleet.—Nelson chases them to the West Indies, and back; delivers up his squadron to Admiral Cornwallis, and lands in England.

WHEN Nelson informed Earl St. Vincent that the armistice had been concluded, he told him also, without reserve, his own discontent at the dilatoriness and indecision which he witnessed, and could not remedy. “No man,” said he, “but those who are “on the spot, can tell what I have gone “through, and do suffer. I make no scruple in saying, that I would have been at

“Revel fourteen days ago! that, without
“this armistice, the fleet would never have
“gone, but by order of the Admiralty; and
“with it, I dare say, we shall not go this
“week. I wanted Sir Hyde to let me, at
“least, go and cruise off Carlsrona, to
“prevent the Revel ships from getting in.
“I said I would not go to Revel to take
“any of those laurels, which I was sure
“he would reap there. Think for me, my
“dear lord;—and if I have deserved well,
“let me return: if ill, for Heaven’s sake
“supersede me,—for I cannot exist in this
“state.”

Fatigue, incessant anxiety, and a climate little suited to one of a tender constitution, which had now for many years been accustomed to more genial latitudes, made him, at this time, seriously determine upon returning home. “If the northern business were
“not settled,” he said, “they must send
“more admirals; for the keen air of the
“north had cut him to the heart.” He felt the want of activity and decision in the commander in chief more keenly; and this

affected his spirits, and, consequently, his health, more than the inclemency of the Baltic. Soon after the armistice was signed, Sir Hyde proceeded to the eastward, with such ships as were fit for service, leaving Nelson to follow with the rest, as soon as those which had received slight damages should be repaired, and the rest sent to England. In passing between the isles of Amak and Saltholm, most of the ships touched the ground, and some of them stuck fast for a while ; no serious injury, however, was sustained. — It was intended to act against the Russians first, before the breaking up of the frost should enable them to leave Revel ; but learning on the way, that the Swedes had put to sea to effect a junction with them, Sir Hyde altered his course, in hopes of intercepting this part of the enemy's force. Nelson had, at this time, provided for the more pressing emergencies of the service, and prepared, on the 18th, to follow the fleet. The St. George drew too much water to pass the channel between the isles without being lightened : the guns

were therefore taken out, and put on board an American vessel : a contrary wind, however, prevented Nelson from moving ; and on that same evening, while he was thus delayed, information reached him of the relative situation of the Swedish and British fleets, and the probability of an action. The fleet was nearly ten leagues distant ; and both wind and current contrary ; but it was not possible that Nelson could wait for a favourable season under such an expectation. He ordered his boat immediately, and stepped into it. Night was setting in,—one of the cold spring nights of the north,—and it was discovered soon after they had left the ship, that, in their haste, they had forgotten to provide him with a boat cloak. He, however, forbade them to return for one : and when one of his companions offered his own great coat, and urged him to make use of it, he replied ; “ I thank you very much,—but, to tell you the truth, my anxiety keeps me sufficiently warm at present.”

“ Do you think,” said he, presently,

“ that our fleet has quitted Bornholm ? If
“ it has, we must follow it to Carlsrcona.”
About midnight he reached it, and once
more got on board the Elephant. On the
following morning the Swedes were disco-
vered ; as soon, however, as they perceived
the English approaching, they retired, and
took shelter in Carlsrona, behind the bat-
teries on the island, at the entrance of that
port. Sir Hyde sent in a flag of truce,
stating, that Denmark had concluded an ar-
mistice, and requiring an explicit declara-
tion from the court of Sweden, Whether it
would adhere to, or abandon the hostile
measures which it had taken against the
rights and interests of Great Britain ? The
commander Vice-Admiral Cronstadt re-
plied, “ That he could not answer a ques-
“ tion which did not come within the parti-
“ cular circle of his duty ; but that the king
“ was then at Maloe, and would soon be at
“ Carlsrona.” Gustavus shortly afterwards
arrived, and an answer was then returned
to this effect : “ That his Swedish majesty
“ would not, for a moment, fail to fulfil,

“ with fidelity and sincerity, the engage-
“ ments he had entered into with his allies;
“ but he would not refuse to listen to equit-
“ able proposals made by deputies furnish-
“ ed with proper authority by the King of
“ Great Britain to the united northern
“ powers.” Satisfied with this answer, and
with the known disposition of the Swedish
court, Sir Hyde sailed for the Gulf of Fin-
land; but he had not proceeded far, before
a despatch boat, from the Russian ambas-
sador at Copenhagen, arrived, bringing in-
telligence of the death of the Emperor
Paul; and that his successor, Alexander,
had accepted the offer made by England to
his father, of terminating the dispute by a
convention; the British admiral was there-
fore required to desist from all further hos-
tilities.

It was Nelson's maxim, that, to negotiate
with effect, force should be at hand, and in
a situation to act. The fleet, having been
reinforced from England amounted to eight-
een sail of the line; and the wind was fair
for Revel. There he would have sailed

immediately to place himself between that division of the Russian fleet and the squadron at Cronstadt, in case this offer should prove insincere. Sir Hyde, on the other hand, believed that the death of Paul had effected all which was necessary. The manner of that death, indeed, rendered it apparent, that a change of policy would take place in the cabinet of Petersburg:—but Nelson never trusted any thing to the uncertain events of time, which could possibly be secured by promptitude or resolution. It was not, therefore, without severe mortification, that he saw the commander in chief return to the coast of Zealand, and anchor in Kioge Bay ; there to wait patiently for what might happen.

There the fleet remained, till despatches arrived from home, on the 5th of May, recalling Sir Hyde, and appointing Nelson commander in chief.

Nelson wrote to Earl St. Vincent that he was unable to hold this honourable station. Admiral Graves also was so ill, as to be confined to his bed ; and he entreated

that some person might come out and take the command. "I will endeavour," said he, "to do my best while I remain: but, "my dear lord, I shall either soon go to "heaven I hope, or must rest quiet for a "time. If Sir Hyde were gone, I would "now be under sail." On the day when this was written he received news of his appointment. Not a moment was now lost. His first signal, as commander in chief, was to hoist in all launches, and prepare to weigh: and on the 7th he sailed from Kioge. Part of his fleet was left at Bornholm, to watch the Swedes: from whom he required and obtained an assurance, that the British trade in the Cattegat, and in the Baltic, should not be molested; and saying how unpleasant it would be to him if any thing should happen which might, for a moment, disturb the returning harmony between Sweden and Great Britain, he apprized them that he was not directed to abstain from hostilities should he meet with the Swedish fleet at sea. Meantime, he himself, with ten sail of the line, two fri-

gates, a brig, and a schooner, made for the Gulf of Finland. Paul, in one of the freaks of his tyranny, had seized upon all the British effects in Russia, and even considered British subjects as his prisoners. “I will have all the English shipping and property restored,” said Nelson, “but I will do nothing violently,—neither commit the affairs of my country, nor suffer Russia to mix the affairs of Denmark or Sweden with the detention of our ships.” The wind was fair, and carried him in four days to Revel Roads. But the bay had been clear of firm ice on the 29th of April, while the English were lying idly at Kioge. The Russians had cut through the ice in the mole six feet thick, and their whole squadron had sailed for Cronstadt on the third. Before that time it had lain at the mercy of the English,—“Nothing,” Nelson said, “if it had been right to make the attack, could have saved one ship of them in two hours after our entering the bay.”

It so happened that there was no cause

to regret the opportunity which had been lost, and Nelson immediately put the intentions of Russia to the proof. He sent on shore, to say, that he came with friendly views, and was ready to return a salute. On their part the salute was delayed, till a message was sent to them to inquire for what reason : and the officer, whose neglect had occasioned the delay, was put under arrest. Nelson wrote to the emperor, proposing to wait on him personally, and congratulate him on his accession, and urged the immediate release of British subjects, and restoration of British property.

The answer arrived on the 16th : Nelson, meantime, had exchanged visits with the governor, and the most friendly intercourse had subsisted between the ships and the shore. Alexander's ministers, in their reply, expressed their surprise at the arrival of a British fleet in a Russian port, and their wish that it should return : they professed, on the part of Russia, the most friendly disposition towards Great Britain ; but declined the personal visit of Lord Nelson,

unless he came in a single ship. There was a suspicion implied in this, which stung Nelson; and he said the Russian ministers would never have written thus if their fleet had been at Revel. He wrote an immediate reply, expressing what he felt: he told the court of Petersburg, "That the
" word of a British admiral, when given in
" explanation of any part of his conduct,
" was as sacred as that of any sovereign's
" in Europe." And he repeated, "that,
" under other circumstances, it would have
" been his anxious wish to have paid his
" personal respects to the emperor, and
" signed with his own hand the act of
" amity between the two countries." Having despatched this, he stood out to sea immediately, leaving a brig to bring off the provisions which had been contracted for, and to settle the accounts. "I hope all is
" right," said he, writing to our ambassador at Berlin; "but seamen are but bad
" negotiators; for we put to issue in five
" minutes what diplomatic forms would be
" five months doing."

On his way down the Baltic, however, he met the Russian Admiral Tchitchagof, whom the emperor, in reply to Sir Hyde's overtures, had sent to communicate personally with the British commander in chief. The reply was such as had been wished and expected: and these negotiators going, seamen-like, straight to their object, satisfied each other of the friendly intentions of their respective governments. Nelson then anchored off Rostock; and there he received an answer to his last despatch from Revel, in which the Russian court expressed their regret that there should have been any misconception between them, informed him, that the British vessels which Paul had detained, were ordered to be liberated, and invited him to Petersburg in whatever mode might be most agreeable to himself. Other honours awaited him:—the Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, the queen's brother, came to visit him on board his ship; and towns of the inland parts of Mecklenburgh sent deputations, with their public books of record, that they might have the

name of Nelson in them written by his own hand.

From Rostock the fleet returned to Kioge Bay. Nelson saw that the temper of the Danes towards England was such as naturally arose from the chastisement which they had so recently received. “In this nation,” said he, “we shall not be forgiven for having the upper hand of them:—” “I only thank God we have, or they would try to humble us to the dust.” He saw also that the Danish cabinet was completely subservient to France: a French officer was at this time the companion and counsellor of the crown prince; and things were done in such open violation of the armistice, that Nelson thought a second infliction of vengeance would soon be necessary. He wrote to the Admiralty, requesting a clear and explicit reply to his inquiry, Whether the commander in chief was at liberty to hold the language becoming a British admiral?—“Which, very probably,” said he, “if I am here, will break the armistice, and set Copenhagen in a blaze.—”

“ I see every thing which is dirty and mean
“ going on, and the prince royal at the head
“ of it. Ships have been masted, guns
“ taken on board, floating batteries prepar-
“ ed, and except hauling out and complet-
“ ing their rigging, every thing is done in
“ defiance of the treaty.--My heart burns
“ at seeing the word of a prince, nearly
“ allied to our good king, so falsified: but
“ his conduct is such, that he will lose his
“ kingdom if he goes on; for Jacobins rule
“ in Denmark. I have made no represen-
“ tations yet, as it would be useless to
“ do so until I have the power of cor-
“ rection. All I beg, in the name of the
“ future commander in chief, is, that the
“ orders may be clear; for enough is done
“ to break twenty treaties, if it should be
“ wished, or to make the prince royal
“ humble himself before British gene-
“ rosity.”

Nelson was not deceived in his judg-
ment of the Danish cabinet, but the battle
of Copenaghen had crippled its power.
The death of the Czar Paul had broken

the confederacy; and that cabinet, therefore, was compelled to defer, till a more convenient season, the indulgence of its enmity towards Great Britain. Soon afterwards, Admiral Sir Charles Maurice Pole arrived to take the command. The business, military and political, had by that time been so far completed, that the presence of the British fleet soon became no longer necessary. Sir Charles, however, made the short time of his command memorable, by passing the Great Belt, for the first time, with line of battle ships; working through the channel against adverse winds. When Nelson left the fleet, this speedy termination of the expedition, though confidently expected, was not certain; and he, in his unwillingness to weaken the British force, thought at one time of traversing Jutland in his boat, by the canal, to Tonningen on the Eyder, and finding his way home from thence. This intention was not executed: but he returned in a brig, declining to accept a frigate; which few admirals would have done; especially if, like him, they suffered

from sea-sickness in a small vessel. On his arrival at Yarmouth, the first thing he did was to visit the hospital, and see the men who had been wounded in the late battle :— that victory, which had added new glory to the name of Nelson, and which was of more importance, even than the battle of the Nile, to the honour, the strength, and security of England.

He had not been many weeks on shore before he was called upon to undertake a service, for which no Nelson was required. Buonaparte, who was now first consul, and in reality sole ruler of France, was making preparations, upon a great scale, for invading England; but his schemes in the Baltic had been baffled; fleets could not be created as they were wanted; and his armies, therefore, were to come over in gun-boats, and such small craft, as could be rapidly built or collected for the occasion. From the former governments of France such threats have only been matter of insult and policy: in Buonaparte they were sincere: for this adventurer, intoxicated with success, al-

ready began to imagine that all things were to be submitted to his fortune. We had not at that time proved the superiority of our soldiers over the French; and the unreflecting multitude were not to be persuaded that an invasion could only be effected by numerous and powerful fleets. A general alarm was excited; and, in condescension to this unworthy feeling, Nelson was appointed to a command, extending from Orfordness to Beachy Head, on both shores:—a sort of service, he said, for which he felt no other ability than what might be found in his zeal.

To this service, however, such as it was, he applied with his wonted alacrity; and having hoisted his flag in the *Medusa* frigate, went to reconnoitre Boulogne; the point from which it was supposed the great attempt would be made, and which the French, in fear of an attack themselves, were fortifying with all care. He approached near enough to sink two of their floating batteries, and destroy a few gun-boats, which were without the pier: what damage

was done within could not be ascertained. “Boulogne,” he said, “was certainly not a very pleasant place that morning:—but,” he added, “it is not my wish to injure the poor inhabitants; and the town is spared as much as the nature of the service will admit.” Enough was done to shew the enemy that they could not, with impunity, come outside their own ports. Nelson was satisfied, by what he saw, that they meant to make an attempt from this place, but that it was impracticable; for the least wind at W. N. W. and they were lost. The ports of Flushing and Flanders were better points: there we could not tell by our eyes what means of transport were provided. From thence, therefore, if it came forth at all, the expedition would come:—“And what a forlorn undertaking!” said he: “consider cross tides, &c. As for rowing, that is impossible. It is perfectly right to be prepared for a mad government: but with the active force which has been given me, I may pronounce it almost impracticable.”

That force had been got together with an alacrity which has seldom been equalled. On the 28th of July we were, in Nelson's own words, literally at the foundation of our fabric of defence: and twelve days afterwards we were so prepared on the enemy's coast, that he did not believe they could get three miles from their ports. The Medusa, returning to our own shores, anchored in the rolling ground off Harwich; and, when Nelson wished to get to the Nore in her, the wind rendered it impossible to proceed there by the usual channel. In haste to be at the Nore, remembering that he had been a tolerable pilot for the mouth of the Thames in his younger days, and thinking it necessary that he should know all that could be known of the navigation, he requested the maritime surveyor of the coast, Mr. Spence, to get him into the Swin, by any channel: for neither the pilots which he had on board, nor the Harwich ones, would take charge of the ship. No vessel drawing more than fourteen feet had ever before ventured

over the Naze. Mr. Spence, however, who had surveyed the channel, carried her safely through. The channel has since been called Nelson's, though he himself wished it to be named after the Medusa : his name needed no new memorial.

Nelson's eye was upon Flushing,—“ To take possession of that place,” he said, “ would be a week's expedition for four or five thousand troops.” This, however, required a consultation with the admiralty; and that something might be done meantime, he resolved upon attacking the flotilla in the mouth of Boulogne harbour. This resolution was made in deference to the opinion of others, and to the public feeling which was so preposterously excited. He himself scrupled not to assert, that the French army would never embark at Boulogne for the invasion of England; and he owned, that this boat-warfare was not exactly congenial to his feelings. Into Helvoet or Flushing, he should be happy to lead, if government turned their thoughts that way. “ While I serve,” said he, “ I

“ will do it actively, and to the very best
“ of my abilities.—I require nursing like a
“ child,” he added; “ my mind carries me
“ beyond my strength, and will do me up :
“ —but such is my nature.”

The attack was made by the boats of the squadron in five divisions, under Captains Somerville, Parker, Cotgrave, Jones, and Conn. The previous essay had taught the French the weak parts of their position; and they omitted no means of strengthening it, and of guarding against the expected attempt. The boats put off about half an hour before midnight; but, owing to the darkness, and tide and half tide, which must always make night attacks so uncertain on the coasts of the channel, the divisions separated. One could not arrive at all; another not till near day-break. The others made their attack gallantly; but the enemy were fully prepared: every vessel was defended by long poles, headed with iron spikes, projecting from their sides; strong nettings were braced up to their lower yards; they were moored by the bottom

to the shore, and chained one to another : they were strongly manned with soldiers, and protected by land batteries, and the shore was lined with troops. Many were taken possession of; and, though they could not have been brought out, would have been burnt, had not the French resorted to a mode of offence, which they have often used, but which no other people have ever been wicked enough to employ. The moment the firing ceased on board one of their own vessels they fired upon it from the shore, perfectly regardless of their own men.

The commander of one of the French divisions acted like a generous enemy. He hailed the boats as they approached, and cried out in English: “ Let me advise
“ you, my brave Englishmen, to keep your
“ distance : you can do nothing here; and
“ it is only uselessly shedding the blood of
“ brave men to make the attempt.” The French official account boasted of the victory. “ The combat,” it said, “ took place
“ in sight of both countries; it was the

“ first of the kind, and the historian would
“ have cause to make this remark.” They
guessed our loss at four or five hundred :—
it amounted to one hundred and seventy-
two. In his private letters to the admiralty
Nelson affirmed, that had our force arrived
as he intended, it was not all the chains in
France which could have prevented our
men from bringing off the whole of the
vessels. There had been no error commit-
ted, and never did Englishmen display more
courage. Upon this point Nelson was fully
satisfied ; but he said he should never bring
himself again to allow any attack, wherein
he was not personally concerned ; and that
his mind suffered more than if he had had
a leg shot off in the affair. He grieved
particularly for Capt. Parker,—an excel-
lent officer, to whom he was greatly attach-
ed, and who had an aged father looking to
him for assistance. His thigh was shatter-
ed in the action ; and the wound proved
mortal, after some weeks of suffering and
manly resignation. During this interval,
Nelson’s anxiety was very great.—“ Dear

“Parker is my child,” said he; “for I
“found him in distress.” And, when he
received the tidings of his death, he replied:
—“You will judge of my feelings: God’s
“will be done. I beg that his hair may be
“cut off and given me;—it shall be buried
“in my grave. Poor Mr. Parker! What a
“son has he lost! If I were to say I was
“content, I should lie; but I shall endea-
“vour to submit with all the fortitude in
“my power.—His loss has made a wound
“in my heart, which time will hardly
“heal.”

He now wished to be relieved from this service. The country, he said, had attached a confidence to his name, which he had submitted to, and therefore had cheerfully repaired to the station;—but this boat business, though it might be part of a great plan of invasion, could never be the only one, and he did not think it was a command for a vice-admiral. It was not that he wanted a more lucrative situation;—for, seriously indisposed as he was, and low spirited from private considerations, he

did not know if the Mediterranean were vacant, that he should be equal to undertake it. Just at this time the peace of Amiens was signed. Nelson rejoiced that the experiment was made, but was well aware that it was an experiment: he saw what he called the misery of peace, unless the utmost vigilance and prudence were exerted: and he expressed, in bitter terms, his proper indignation at the manner in which the mob of London welcomed the French general, who brought the ratification; saying, “that they made him ashamed of his country.”

He had purchased a house and estate at Merton, in Surry; meaning to pass his days there in the society of Sir William and Lady Hamilton. This place he had never seen, till he was now welcomed there by the friends to whom he had so passionately devoted himself, and who were not less sincerely attached to him. The place, and every thing which Lady Hamilton had done to it, delighted him; and he declared that the longest liver should possess it all.

His pensions for his victories, and for the loss of his eye and arm, amounted with his half-pay to about £3,400 a year. From this he gave £1800 to Lady Nelson, 200 to his brother's widow, and 150 for the education of his children; and he paid £500 interest for borrowed money: so that Nelson was comparatively a poor man; and though much of the pecuniary embarrassment which he endured, was occasioned by the separation from his wife—even if that cause had not existed, his income would not have been sufficient for the rank which he held, and the claims which would necessarily be made upon his bounty. The depression of spirits under which he had long laboured, arose partly from this state of his circumstances, and partly from the other disquietudes in which his connexion with Lady Hamilton had involved him: a connexion which it was not possible his father could behold without sorrow and displeasure. Mr. Nelson, however, was soon convinced that the attachment, which Lady Nelson regarded with natural jealousy and

resentment, did not, in reality, pass the bounds of ardent and romantic admiration: a passion which the manners and accomplishments of Lady Hamilton, fascinating as they were, would not have been able to excite, if they had not been accompanied by more uncommon intellectual endowments, and by a character which, both in its strength and in its weakness, resembled his own. It did not, therefore, require much explanation to reconcile him to his son;—an event the more essential to Nelson's happiness, because, a few months afterwards, the good old man died at the age of seventy-nine.

Soon after the conclusion of peace, tidings arrived of our final and decisive successes in Egypt: in consequence of which, the common council voted their thanks to the army and navy for bringing the campaign to so glorious a conclusion. When Nelson, after the action of Cape St. Vincent had been entertained at a city feast, he had observed to the lord mayor, “that, if “the city continued its generosity, the na-

“vy would ruin them in gifts.” To which the lord mayor replied, putting his hand upon the admiral’s shoulder: “Do you find victories, and we will find rewards.” Nelson, as he said, had kept his word,—had doubly fulfilled his part of the contract,—but no thanks had been voted for the battle of Copenhagen; and, feeling that he and his companions in that day’s glory, had a fair and honourable claim to this reward, he took the present opportunity of addressing a letter to the lord mayor, complaining of the omission and the injustice. “The smallest services,” said he, “rendered by the army or navy to the country, have always been noticed by the great city of London with one exception:—the glorious 2nd of April:—a day, when the greatest dangers of navigation were overcome; and the Danish force, which they thought impregnable, totally taken or destroyed, by the consummate skill of our commanders, and by the undaunted bravery of as gallant a band as ever defended the rights of this country.

“ For myself, if I were only personally con-
“ cerned, I should bear the stigma, at-
“ tempted to be now first placed upon my
“ brow, with humility. But, my lord, I
“ am the natural guardian of the fame of all
“ the officers of the navy, army, and marines,
“ who fought, and so profusely bled, un-
“ der my command on that day. Again,
“ I disclaim for myself more merit than
“ naturally falls to a successful commander ;
“ but when I am called upon to speak of
“ the merits of the captains of his majesty’s
“ ships, and of the officers and men, whe-
“ ther seamen, marines, or soldiers, whom
“ I that day had the happiness to command,
“ I then say, that never was the glory
“ of this country upheld with more deter-
“ mined bravery than on that occasion :
“ —and if I may be allowed to give an
“ opinion as a Briton ; then I say, that
“ more important service was never ren-
“ dered to our king and country. It is
“ my duty, my lord, to prove to the brave
“ fellows, my companions in danger, that I
“ have not failed, at every proper place, to

“represent, as well as I am able, their
“bravery and meritorious conduct.”

Another honour, of greater import, was withheld from the conquerors. The king had given medals to those captains who were engaged in the battles of the 1st of June, of Cape St. Vincent, of Camperdown, and of the Nile. Then came the victory at Copenhagen ; which Nelson truly called, the most difficult atchievment, the hardest fought battle, the most glorious result, that ever graced the annals of our country. He, of course, expected the medal : and, in writing to Earl St. Vincent, said : “ He
“longed to have it, and would not give it
“up to be made an English duke.” The medal, however, was not given :—“ For
“what reason,” said Nelson, “ Lord St.
“Vincent best knows :”—Words plainly implying a suspicion, that it was withheld by some feeling of jealousy : and that suspicion estranged him, during the remaining part of his life, from one who had at one time been essentially, as well as sincerely, his friend ; and of whose professional

abilities he ever entertained the highest opinion.

The happiness which Nelson enjoyed in the society of his chosen friends, was of no long continuance. Sir William Hamilton, who was far advanced in years, died early in 1803. He expired in his wife's arms, holding Nelson by the hand ; and almost in his last words left her to his protection ; requesting him that he would see justice done her by the government, as he knew what she had done for her country. He left him her portrait in enamel, calling him his dearest friend ; the most virtuous, loyal, and truly brave character he had ever known. The codicil, containing this bequest, concluded with these words : “ God bless him, “ and shame fall on those who do not say “ amen.” Sir William's pension, of £1200 a year, ceased with his death. Nelson applied to Mr. Addington in Lady Hamilton's behalf, stating the important service which she had rendered to the fleet at Syracuse : and Mr. Addington, it is said, acknowledged that she had a just claim upon the gratitude

of the country. This barren acknowledgment was all that was obtained : but a sum, equal to the pension which her husband had enjoyed, was settled on her by Nelson, and paid in monthly payments during his life. A few weeks after this event, the war was renewed ; and, the day after his majesty's message to parliament, Nelson departed to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet.

He took his station immediately off Toulon ; and there, with incessant vigilance, waited for the coming out of the enemy. When he had been fourteen months thus employed, he received a vote of thanks from the city of London, for his skill and perseverance in blockading that port, so as to prevent the French from putting to sea. Nelson had not forgotten the wrong which the city had done to the Baltic fleet by their omission, and did not lose the opportunity, which this vote afforded, of recurring to that point. “ I do assure your lordship,” said he, in his answer to the lord mayor,

“ that there is not that man breathing who
“ sets a higher value upon the thanks of his
“ fellow-citizens of London than myself:
“ but I should feel as much ashamed to
“ receive them for a particular service,
“ marked in the resolution, if I felt that I
“ did not come within that line of service,
“ as I should feel hurt at having a great
“ victory passed over without notice. I
“ beg to inform your lordship, that the port
“ of Toulon has never been blockaded by
“ me : quite the reverse. Every oppor-
“ tunity has been offered the enemy to put
“ to sea : for it is there that we hope to
“ realize the hopes and expectations of our
“ country.” Nelson then remarked, that
the junior flag officers of his fleet had been
omitted in this vote of thanks ; and his
surprise at the omission was expressed with
more asperity, perhaps, than an offence, so
entirely and manifestly unintentional, de-
served : but it arose from that generous
regard for the feelings as well as interests
of all who were under his command, which

made him as much beloved in the fleets of Britain, as he was dreaded in those of the enemy.

Never was any commander more beloved. He governed men by their reason and their affections: they knew that he was incapable of caprice or tyranny; and they obeyed him with alacrity and joy, because he possessed their confidence as well as their love. "Our Nel," they used to say, "is as brave as a lion, and as gentle as a lamb." Severe discipline he detested, though he had been bred in a severe school: he never inflicted corporal punishment, if it were possible to avoid it; and when compelled to enforce it, he, who was familiar with wounds and death, suffered like a woman. In his whole life Nelson was never known to act unkindly towards an officer. If he was asked to prosecute one for ill-behaviour, he used to answer: "That there was no occasion for him to ruin a poor devil, who was sufficiently his own enemy to ruin himself." But in Nelson there was more than the easiness and hu-

manity of a happy nature : he did not merely abstain from injury ; his was an active and watchful benevolence, ever desirous not only to render justice, but to do good. During the peace, he had spoken in parliament upon the abuses respecting prize-money ; and had submitted plans to government for more easily manning the navy, and preventing desertion from it, by bettering the condition of the seamen. He proposed that their certificates should be registered, and that every man who had served, with a good character, five years in war, should receive a bounty of two guineas annually after that time, and of four guineas after eight years. “ This,” he said, “ might, at first sight, appear an enormous sum for the state to pay ; but the average life of a seamen is, from hard service, finished at forty-five : he cannot, therefore, enjoy the annuity many years ; and the interest of the money saved by their not deserting, would go far to pay the whole expense.”

To his midshipmen he ever shewed the

most winning kindness, encouraging the diffident, tempering the hasty, counselling and befriending both. “Recollect,” he used to say, “that you must be a seaman
“to be an officer; and also, that you can-
“not be a good officer without being a
“gentleman.”—A lieutenant wrote to him to say, that he was dissatisfied with his captain. Nelson’s answer was in that spirit of perfect wisdom and perfect goodness, which regulated his whole conduct toward those who were under his command.
“I have just received your letter; and I
“am truly sorry that any difference should
“arise between your captain, who has the
“reputation of being one of the bright offi-
“cers of the service, and yourself, a very
“young man, and a very young officer,
“who must naturally have much to learn:
“therefore, the chance is, that you are per-
“fectly wrong in the disagreement. How-
“ever, as your present situation must be
“very disagreeable, I will certainly take
“an early opportunity of removing you,
“provided your conduct to your present

“captain be such, that another may not
“refuse to receive you.” The gentleness
and benignity of his disposition never made
him forget what was due to discipline.
Being on one occasion applied to, to save
a young officer from a court-martial, which
he had provoked by his misconduct, his
reply was, “That he would do every thing
“in his power to oblige so gallant and good
“an officer as Sir John Warren,” in whose
name the intercession had been made :—
“But what,” he added, “would he do if
“he were here?—Exactly what I have
“done, and am still willing to do. The
“young man must write such a letter of
“contrition as would be an acknowledg-
“ment of his great fault ; and, with a sincere
“promise, if his captain will intercede to
“prevent the impending court-martial, ne-
“ver to so misbehave again. On his cap-
“tain’s enclosing me such a letter, with a
“request to cancel the order for the trial,
“I might be induced to do it : but the let-
“ters and reprimand will be given in the
“public order-book of the fleet, and read

“ to all the officers. The young man has
“ pushed himself forward to notice, and he
“ must take the consequence.—It was upon
“ the quarter-deck, in the face of the ship’s
“ company, that he treated his captain
“ with contempt; and I am in duty bound
“ to support the authority and consequence
“ of every officer under my command. A
“ poor ignorant seamen is for ever punish-
“ ed for contempt to *his* superiors.”

A dispute occurred in the fleet, while it was off Toulon, which called forth Nelson’s zeal for the rights and interest of the navy. Some young artillery officers, serving on board the bomb vessels, refused to let their men perform any other duty but what related to the mortars. They wished to have it established, that their corps was not subject to the captain’s authority. The same pretensions were made in the channel fleet about the same time; and the artillery rested their claims to separate and independent authority on board, upon a clause in the act, which they interpreted in their favour. Nelson took up the subject

with all the earnestness which its importance deserved.—“There is no real happiness in this world,” said he, writing to Earl St. Vincent, as first lord. “With all content, and smiles around me, up start these artillery boys, (I understand they are not beyond that age) and set us at defiance ; speaking in the most disrespectful manner of the navy, and its commanders. I know you, my dear lord, so well, that, with your quickness, the matter would have been settled, and perhaps some of them been broke. I am, perhaps, more patient ; but I do assure you, not less resolved, if my plan of conciliation is not attended to. You and I are on the eve of quitting the theatre of our exploits ; but we hold it due to our successors, never, whilst we have a tongue to speak, or a hand to write, to allow the navy to be, in the smallest degree, injured in its discipline by our conduct.” To Troubridge he wrote in the same spirit.—“It is the old history, trying to do away the act of parliament : but I trust they

“ will never succeed ; for, when they do,
“ farewell to our naval superiority. We
“ should be prettily commanded ! Let
“ them once gain the step of being inde-
“ pendent of the navy on board a ship, and
“ they will soon have the other, and com-
“ mand us.—But, thank God ! my dear
“ Troubridge, the king himself cannot do
“ away the act of parliament. Although
“ my career is nearly run, yet it would
“ embitter my future days, and expiring
“ moments, to hear of our navy being sa-
“ crificed to the army.” As the surest way
of preventing such disputes, he suggested
that the navy should have its own corps of
artillery ; and a corps of marine artillery
was accordingly established.

Instead of lessening the power of the
commander, Nelson would have wished to
see it increased : it was absolutely neces-
sary, he thought, that merit should be re-
warded at the moment, and that the officers
of the fleet should look up to the com-
mander-in-chief for their reward. He him-
self was never more happy than when he

could promote those who were deserving of promotion. Many were the services which he thus rendered, unsolicited: and frequently the officer, in whose behalf he had interested himself with the admiralty, did not know to whose friendly interference he was indebted for his good fortune.—He used to say, “I wish it to appear as a God-send.” The love which he bore the navy made him promote the interests, and honour the memory, of all who had added to its glories. “The near relations of brother officers,” he said, “he considered “as legacies to the service.” Upon mention being made to him of a son of Rodney, by the Duke of Clarence, his reply was: “I agree with your royal highness most “entirely, that the son of a Rodney ought “to be the *protégé* of every person in the “kingdom, and particularly of the sea “officers. Had I known that there had “been this claimant, some of my own lieutenants must have given way to such a “name, and he should have been placed “in the Victory: she is full, and I have

“ twenty on my list ; but, whatever numbers-I have, the name of Rodney must cut many of them out.” Such was the proper sense which Nelson felt of what was due to splendid services and illustrious names. His feelings toward the brave men who had served with him, are shewn by a note in his diary, which was probably not intended for any other eye than his own.—“ Nov. 7. I had the comfort of making an old Agamemnon, George Jones, a gunner into the Chameleon brig.”

When Nelson took the command, it was expected that the Mediterranean would be an active scene. Nelson well understood the character of the perfidious Corsican, who was now sole tyrant of France ; and knowing that he was as ready to attack his friends as his enemies, knew, therefore, that nothing could be more uncertain than the direction of the fleet from Toulon, whenever it should put to sea :—“ It had as many destinations,” he said, “ as there were countries.” The momentous revolutions of the last ten years had given him

ample matter for reflection, as well as opportunities for observation: the film was cleared from his eyes; and now, when the French no longer went abroad with the cry of liberty and equality, he saw that the oppression and misrule of the powers which had been opposed to them, had been the main causes of their success, and that those causes would still prepare the way before them. Even in Sicily, where, if it had been possible longer to blind himself, Nelson would willingly have seen no evil; he perceived that the people wished for a change, and acknowledged that they had reason to wish for it. In Sardinia the same burden of misgovernment was felt; and the people, like the Sicilians, were impoverished by a government so utterly incompetent to perform its first and most essential duties, that it did not protect its own coasts from the Barbary pirates. He would fain have had us purchase this island (the finest in the Mediterranean) from its sovereign, who did not receive £5000 a year from it, after its wretched

establishment was paid. There was reason to think that France was preparing to possess herself of this important point, which afforded our fleet facilities for watching Toulon, not to be obtained elsewhere. An expedition was preparing at Corsica for the purpose; and all the Sardes, who had taken part with revolutionary France, were ordered to assemble there. It was certain that, if the attack were made, it would succeed. Nelson thought that the only means to prevent Sardinia from becoming French, was to make it English, and that half a million would give the king a rich price, and England a cheap purchase. A better, and therefore a wiser policy, would have been to exert our influence in removing the abuses of the government: for foreign dominion is always, in some degree, an evil; and allegiance neither can nor ought to be made a thing of bargain and sale. Sardinia, like Sicily and Corsica, is large enough to form a separate state. Let us hope that these islands may, ere long, be made free and

independent. Freedom and independence will bring with them industry and prosperity; and wherever these are found, arts and letters will flourish, and the improvement of the human race proceed.

The proposed attack was postponed. Views of wider ambition were opening upon Buonaparte, who now almost undisguisedly aspired to make himself master of the continent of Europe; and Austria was preparing for another struggle, to be conducted as weakly, and terminated as miserably, as the former. Spain, too, was once more to be involved in war, by the policy of France: that perfidious government having in view the double object of employing the Spanish resources against England, and exhausting them, in order to render Spain herself finally its prey. Nelson, who knew that England and the Peninsula ought to be in alliance, for the common interest of both, frequently expressed his hopes that Spain might resume her natural rank among the nations. “We ought,” he said, “by mutual consent, to be the very best friends, and both to

“ be ever hostile to France.” But he saw that Buonaparte was meditating the destruction of Spain; and that, while the wretched court of Madrid professed to remain neutral, the appearances of neutrality were scarcely preserved. An order of the year 1771, excluding British ships of war from the Spanish ports, was revived, and put in force; while French privateers, from these very ports, annoyed the British trade, carried their prizes in, and sold them even at Barcelona. Nelson complained of this to the captain-general of Catalonia, informing him, that he claimed, for every British ship or squadron, the right of lying, as long as it pleased, in the ports of Spain, while that right was allowed to other powers. To the British ambassador he said: “ I am
“ ready to make large allowances for the
“ miserable situation Spain has placed her-
“ self in; but there is a certain line, beyond
“ which I cannot submit to be treated with
“ disrespect. We have given up French
“ vessels taken within gun-shot of the
“ Spanish shore, and yet French vessels

“ are permitted to attack our ships from
“ the Spanish shore. Your excellency may
“ assure the Spanish government, that in
“ whatever place the Spaniards allow the
“ French to attack us, in that place I shall
“ order the French to be attacked.”

During this state of things, to which the weakness of Spain, and not her will, consented, the enemy's fleet did not venture to put to sea. Nelson watched it with unremitting and almost unexampled perseverance. The station off Toulon he called his home. “ We are in the right fighting
“ trim,” said he: “ let them come as soon
“ as they please. I never saw a fleet, altogether, so well officered and manned:
“ would to God the ships were half as
“ good!—The finest ones in the service
“ would soon be destroyed by such terrible
“ weather. I know well enough, that if
“ I were to go into Malta I should save
“ the ships during this bad season: but, if
“ am to watch the French, I must be at
“ sea; and, if at sea, must have bad weather: and if the ships are not fit to stand

“ bad weather, they are useless.” Then only he was satisfied, and at ease, when he had the enemy in view. Mr. Elliot, our minister at Naples, seems, at this time, to have proposed to send a confidential Frenchman to him with information. “ I should
“ be very happy,” he replied, “ to receive
“ authentic intelligence of the destination
“ of the French squadron, their route, and
“ time of sailing.—Any thing short of this
“ is useless ; and I assure your excellency,
“ that I would not, upon any considera-
“ tion, have a Frenchman in the fleet, ex-
“ cept as a prisoner. I put no confidence in
“ them. You think yours good ; the queen
“ thinks the same : I believe they are all
“ alike. Whatever information you can
“ get me, I shall be very thankful for ;
“ but not a Frenchman comes here. For-
“ give me, but my mother hated the
“ French.”

M. Latouche Treville, who had commanded at Buologne, commanded now at Toulon. “ He was sent for on purpose,” said Nelson, “ as he *beat me* at Boulogne,

“ to beat me again : but he seems very
“ loath to try.” One day, while the main
body of our fleet was out of sight of land,
Rear-Admiral Campbell, reconnoitring with
the Canopus, Donnegal, and Amazon, stood
in close to the port ; and M. Latouche, tak-
ing advantage of a breeze which sprung up,
pushed out, with four ships of the line and
three heavy frigates, and chased him about
four leagues. The Frenchman, delighted
at having found himself in so novel a situa-
tion, published a boastful account ; affirm-
ing, that he had given chase to the whole
British fleet, and that Nelson had fled before
him ! Nelson thought it due to the admi-
ralty to send home a copy of the Victory’s
log upon this occasion. “ As for himself,”
he said, “ if his character was not esta-
“ blished by that time for not being apt
“ to run away, it was not worth his while
“ to put the world right.”—“ If this fleet
“ gets fairly up with M. Latouche,” said
he to one of his correspondents, “ his letter,
“ with all his ingenuity, must be different
“ from his last. We had fancied that we

“ chased him into Toulon ; for, blind as I
“ am, I could see his water line, when he
“ clued his topsails up, shutting in Sepet.
“ But, from the time of his meeting Capt.
“ Hawker, in the Isis, I never heard of his
“ acting otherwise than as a poltroon and
“ a liar. Contempt is the best mode of
“ treating such a miscreant.” In spite,
however, of contempt, the impudence of
this Frenchman half angered him. He said
to his brother : “ You will have seen La-
“ touche’s letter ; how he chaced me, and
“ how I ran. I keep it : and if I take him,
“ by God he shall eat it.”

Nelson, who used to say, that in sea affairs nothing is impossible, and nothing improbable, feared the more that this Frenchman might get out and elude his vigilance ; because he was so especially desirous of catching him, and administering to him his own lying letter in a sandwich. M. Latouche, however, escaped him in another way. He died, according to the French papers, in consequence of walking so often up to the signal post upon Sepet, to watch

the British fleet. "I always pronounced
"that would be his death," said Nelson.
"If he had come out and fought me, it
"would, at least, have added ten years to
"my life." The patience with which he
had watched Toulon, he spoke of, truly,
as a perseverance at sea which had never
been surpassed. From May, 1803, to Au-
gust, 1805, he himself went out of his ship
but three times; each of those times was
upon the king's service, and neither time
of absence exceeded an hour. The wea-
ther had been so unusually severe, that he
said, the Mediterranean seemed altered.
It was his rule never to contend with the
gales; but either run to the southward,
to escape their violence, or furl all the sails,
and make the ships as easy as possible.
The men, though he said flesh and blood
could hardly stand it, continued in excel-
lent health, which he ascribed in great
measure, to a plentiful supply of lemons
and onions. For himself, he thought he
could only last till the battle was over.
One battle more it was his hope that he

might fight.—“However,” said he, “what-
“ever happens I have run a glorious race.”
He was afraid of blindness; and this was
the only evil which he could not contem-
plate without unhappiness. More alarm-
ing symptoms he regarded with less appre-
hension; describing his own “shattered
“carcase,” as in the worst plight of any
in the fleet: and he says; “I have felt the
“blood gushing up the left side of my
“head; and, the moment it covers the
“brain, I am fast asleep.” The fleet was in
worse trim than the men: but when he
compared it with the enemy’s, it was with a
right English feeling. “The French fleet
“yesterday,” said he, in one of his letters,
“was to appearance in high feather, and as
“fine as paint could make them:—but
“when they may sail, or where they may
“go, I am very sorry to say is a secret I am
“not acquainted with. Our weather beat-
“en ships, I have no fear, will make their
“sides like a plumb pudding.”

Hostilities at length commenced between
Great Britain and Spain. That country,

whose miserable government made her subservient to France, was once more destined to lavish her resources and her blood in furtherance of the designs of a perfidious ally. The immediate occasion of the war, was the seizure of four treasure ships by the English.—The act was perfectly justifiable ; for those treasures were intended to furnish means for France ; but the circumstances which attended it, were as unhappy as they were unforeseen. Four frigates had been despatched to intercept them. They met with an equal force. Resistance, therefore, became a point of honour on the part of the Spaniards, and one of their ships soon blew up, with all on board. Had a stronger squadron been sent, this deplorable catastrophe might have been spared : a catastrophe which excited not more indignation in Spain, than it did grief in those who were its unwilling instruments, in the English government, and in the English people. On the 5th of October this unhappy affair occurred, and Nelson was not apprised of it till the 12th of the

ensuing month. He had, indeed, sufficient mortification at the breaking out of this Spanish war; an event which, it might reasonably have been supposed, would amply enrich the officers of the Mediterranean fleet, and repay them for the severe and unremitting duty on which they had been so long employed. But of this harvest they were deprived; for Sir John Orde was sent with a small squadron, and a separate command, to Cadiz. Nelson's feelings were never wounded so deeply as now. "I
" had thought," said he, writing in the first flow and freshness of indignation; "I
" fancied,—but, nay; it must have been
" a dream, an idle dream;—yet, I confess
" it, I *did* fancy that I had done my country
" service; and thus they use me!—And
" under what circumstances, and with what
" pointed aggravation! Yet, if I know my
" own thoughts, it is not for myself, or on
" my own account chiefly, that I feel the
" sting and the disappointment. No! it is
" for my brave officers; for my noble-
" minded friends and comrades. Such a

“gallant set of fellows! Such a band of
“brothers! My heart swells at the thought
“of them.”

War between Spain and England was now declared; and, on the 18th of January, the Toulon fleet, having the Spaniards to co-operate with them, put to sea. Nelson was at anchor off the coast of Sardinia, where the Madelena islands form one of the finest harbours in the world, when, at three in the afternoon of the 19th, the *Active* and *Seahorse* frigates brought this long-hoped for intelligence. They had been close to the enemy at ten on the preceding night, but lost sight of them in about four hours. The fleet immediately unmoored and weighed, and at six in the evening ran through the strait between Biche and Sardinia: a passage so narrow, that the ships could only pass one at a time, each following the stern lights of its leader. From the position of the enemy, when they were last seen, it was inferred, that they must be bound round the southern end of Sardinia. Signal was made the next

morning to prepare for battle. Bad weather came on, baffling the one fleet in its object, and the other in its pursuit. Nelson beat about the Sicilian seas for ten days, without obtaining any other information of the enemy, than that one of their ships had put into Ajaccio, dismasted; and having seen that Sardinia, Naples, and Sicily, were safe, believing Egypt to be their destination, for Egypt he ran. The disappointment and distress which he had experienced in his former pursuits of the French through the same seas were now renewed: but Nelson, while he endured these anxious and unhappy feelings, was still consoled by the same confidence as on the former occasion—that, though his judgment might be erroneous, under all circumstances he was right in having formed it. “I have consulted no man,” said he, to the admiralty; “therefore, the whole blame of ignorance in forming my judgment must rest with me. I would allow no man to take from me an atom of my glory had I fallen in with the French fleet; nor do I desire

“any man to partake any of the responsi-
“bility. All is mine, right or wrong.”
Then stating the grounds upon which he
had proceeded, he added: “At this mo-
“ment of sorrow, I still feel that I have
“acted right.” In the same spirit he said
to Sir Alexander Ball: “When I call to
“remembrance all the circumstances, I
“approve, if nobody else does, of my own
“conduct.”

Baffled thus, he bore up for Malta, and
met intelligence from Naples that the
French, having been dispersed in a gale,
had put back to Toulon. From the same
quarter he learnt, that a great number of
saddles and muskets had been embarked;
and this confirmed him in his opinion that
Egypt was their destination. That they
should have put back in consequence of
storms, which he had weathered, gave him
a consoling sense of British superiority.—
“These gentlemen,” said he, “are not
“accustomed to a gulf of Lyons’ gale: we
“have buffeted them for one and twenty
“months, and not carried away a spar.”

He, however, who had so often braved these gales, was now, though not mastered by them, vexatiously thwarted and impeded; and, on February 27, he was compelled to anchor in Pulla Bay, in the Gulf of Cagliari. From the 21st of January the fleet had remained ready for battle, without a bulk head up, night or day. He anchored here, that he might not be driven to leeward. As soon as the weather moderated he put to sea again; and, after again beating about against contrary winds, another gale drove him to anchor in the Gulph of Palma, on the 8th of March. This he made his rendezvous; he knew that the French troops still remained embarked, and, wishing to lead them into a belief that he was stationed upon the Spanish coast, he made his appearance off Barcelona with that intent. About the end of the month, he began to fear that the plan of the expedition was abandoned; and, sailing once more towards his old station off Toulon, on the 4th of April, he met the *Phœbe*, with news that Villeneuve had put

to sea on the last of March with eleven ships of the line, seven frigates, and two brigs. When last seen, they were steering toward the coast of Africa. Nelson first covered the channel between Sardinia and Barbary, so as to satisfy himself that Villeneuve was not taking the same route for Egypt which Gantheaume had taken before him, when he attempted to carry reinforcements there. Certain of this, he bore up on the 7th for Palermo, lest the French should pass to the north of Corsica, and he despatched cruisers in all directions. On the 11th, he felt assured that they were not gone down the Mediterranean; and sending off frigates to Gibraltar, to Lisbon, and to Admiral Cornwallis, who commanded the squadron off Brest, he endeavoured to get to the westward, beating against westerly winds. After five days, a neutral gave intelligence that the French had been seen off Cape de Gatte on the 7th. It was soon after ascertained, that they had passed the Straits of Gibraltar on the day following;—and Nelson, knowing that they

might already be half way to Ireland, or to Jamaica, exclaimed, that he was miserable. One gleam of comfort only came across him in the reflection, that his vigilance had rendered it impossible for them to undertake any expedition in the Mediterranean.

Eight days after this certain intelligence had been obtained, he described his state of mind thus forcibly, in writing to the governor of Malta: “My good fortune, “my dear Ball, seems flown away. I cannot get a fair wind, or even a side wind. “Dead foul!—Dead foul!—But my mind “is fully made up what to do when I leave “the Straits, supposing there is no certain “account of the enemy’s destination.—I “believe this ill-luck will go near to kill “me; but, as these are times for exertion, “I must not be cast down, whatever I may “feel.” In spite of every exertion which could be made by all the zeal and all the skill of British seamen, he did not get in sight of Gibraltar till the 30th of April; and the wind was then so adverse, that it

was impossible to pass the Gut. He anchored in Mazari Bay, on the Barbary shore; obtained supplies from Tetuan; and when, on the 5th, a breeze from the eastward sprang up at last, sailed once more, hoping to hear of the enemy from Sir John Orde, who commanded off Cadiz, or from Lisbon. “If nothing is heard of them, said he to the admiralty, “I shall probably think the rumours which have been spread are true, that their object is the West Indies; and, in that case, I think it my duty to follow them,—or to the Antipodes, should I believe that to be their destination.”—At the time when this resolution was taken, the physician of the fleet had ordered him to return to England before the hot months.

Nelson had formed his judgment of their destination, and made up his mind accordingly, when Donald Campbell, at that time an admiral in the Portuguese service, the same person who had given important tidings to Earl St. Vincent of the movements of that fleet from which he won his title, a second

time gave timely and momentous intelligence to the flag of his country. He went on board the *Victory*, and communicated to Nelson his certain knowledge that the combined Spanish and French fleets were bound for the West Indies.—Hitherto all things had favoured the enemy. While the British commander was beating up against strong southerly and westerly gales, they had wind to their wish from the N. E.; and had done in nine days what he was a whole month in accomplishing. Villeneuve, finding the Spaniards at Carthagená were not in a state of equipment to join him, dared not wait, but hastened on to Cadiz. Sir John Orde necessarily retired at his approach. Admiral Gravina, with six Spanish ships of the line and two French, came out to him, and they sailed without a moment's loss of time. They had about three thousand French troops on board, and fifteen hundred Spanish:—six hundred were under orders, expecting them at Martinique, and one thousand at Guadaloupe. General Lauriston commanded the troops.

The combined fleet now consisted of eighteen sail of the line, six forty-four gun frigates, one of twenty-six guns, three corvettes, and a brig. They were joined afterwards by two new French line of battle ships, and one forty-four. Nelson pursued them with ten sail of the line and three frigates. "Take you a Frenchman apiece," said he to his captains, "and leave me the Spaniards:—when I haul down my colours I expect you to do the same,—and not till then."

The enemy had five and thirty days' start; but he calculated that he should gain eight or ten days upon them by his exertions. May 15 he made Madeira, and on June 4th reached Barbadoes, whither he had sent despatches before him; and where he found Admiral Cochrane, with two ships, part of our squadron in those seas being at Jamaica. He found here also accounts that the combined fleets had been seen from St. Lucia on the 28th, standing to the southward, and that Tobago and Trinidad were their objects. This Nelson doubted; but

he was alone in his opinion, and yielded it with these foreboding words—"If your intelligence proves false, you lose me the French fleet." Sir William Myers offered to embark here with two thousand troops:—they were taken on board, and the next morning he sailed for Tobago. Here accident confirmed the false intelligence which had, whether from intention or error, misled him. A merchant at Tobago, in the general alarm, not knowing whether this fleet was friend or foe, sent out a schooner to reconnoitre, and acquaint him by signal. The signal which he had chosen happened to be the very one which had been appointed by Colonel Shipley of the engineers, to signify that the enemy were at Trinidad; and as this was at the close of day, there was no opportunity of discovering the mistake. An American brig was met with about the same time; the master of which, with that propensity to deceive the English and assist the French in any manner, which has been but too common among his countrymen, affirmed,

that he had been boarded off Granada a few days before by the French, who were standing towards the Bocas of Trinidad. This fresh intelligence removed all doubts. The ships were cleared for action before day-light, and Nelson entered the Bay of Paria on the 7th, hoping and expecting to make the mouths of the Orinoco as famous in the annals of the British navy as those of the Nile. Not an enemy was there; and it was discovered that accident and artifice had combined to lead him so far to leeward, that there could have been little hope of fetching to windward of Granada for any other fleet. Nelson, however, with skill and exertions never exceeded, and almost unexampled, bore for that island.

Advices met him on the way, that the combined fleets, having captured the Diamond Rock, were then at Martinique, on the fourth, and were expected to sail that night for the attack of Granada. On the 9th Nelson arrived off that island; and there learnt, that they had passed to leeward of Antigua the preceding day, and

taken a homeward bound convoy. Had it not been for false information, upon which Nelson had acted reluctantly, and in opposition to his own judgment, he would have been off Port Royal just as they were leaving it, and the battle would have been fought on the spot where Rodney defeated De Grasse. This he remembered in his vexation: but he had saved the colonies, and above two hundred ships laden for Europe, which would else have fallen into the enemy's hands; and he had the satisfaction of knowing that the mere terror of his name had effected this, and had put to flight the allied enemies, whose force nearly doubled that before which they fled. That they were flying back to Europe he believed, and for Europe he steered in pursuit on the 13th, having disembarked the troops at Antigua, and taking with him the *Spartiate*, 74:—the only addition to the squadron with which he was pursuing so superior a force. Five days afterwards the *Amazon* brought intelligence, that she had spoke a schooner who had seen them, on

the evening of the 15th, steering to the N.; and, by computation, eighty-seven leagues off. Nelson's diary at this time denotes his great anxiety, and his perpetual and all observing vigilance.—“June 21. Midnight, “nearly calm, saw three planks, which I “think came from the French fleet. Very “miserable, which is very foolish.” On the 17th of July he came in sight of Cape St. Vincent, and steered for Gibraltar.—“June 18th,” his diary says, “Cape “Spartel in sight, but no French fleet, nor “any information about them. How sorrowful this makes me! but I cannot help “myself.” The next day he anchored at Gibraltar; and on the 20th, says he, “I “went on shore for the first time since “June 16, 1803; and from having my foot “out of the Victory, two years, wanting “ten days.”

Here he communicated with his old friend Collingwood; who, having been detached with a squadron, when the disappearance of the combined fleets, and of Nelson in their pursuit, was known in England, had

taken his station off Cadiz. He thought that Ireland was the enemy's ultimate object,—that they would now liberate the Ferrol squadron, which was blocked up by Sir Robert Calder,—call for the Rochefort ships, and then appear off Ushant with three or four and thirty sail; there to be joined by the Brest fleet. With this great force he supposed they would make for Ireland,—the real mark and bent of all their operations: and their flight to the West Indies, he thought, had been merely undertaken to take off Nelson's force, which was the great impediment to their undertaking.

Collingwood was gifted with great political penetration. As yet, however, all was conjecture concerning the enemy; and Nelson, having victualled and watered at Tetuan, stood for Ceuta on the 24th, still without information of their course. Next day intelligence arrived that the *Curieux* brig had seen them on the 19th, standing to the northward. He proceeded off Cape St. Vincent, rather cruising for intelligence

than knowing whither to betake himself: and here a case occurred, that more than any other event in real history resembles those whimsical proofs of sagacity which Voltaire, in his *Zadig*, has borrowed from the Orientals. One of our frigates spoke an American, who, a little to the westward of the Azores, had fallen in with an armed vessel, appearing to be a dismasted privateer, deserted by her crew, which had been run on board by another ship, and had been set fire to; but the fire had gone out. A log-book, and a few seamen's jackets, were found in the cabin; and these were brought to Nelson. The log-book closed with these words: "Two large vessels in the "W. N. W.:" and this led him to conclude that the vessel had been an English privateer, cruising off the Western Islands. But there was in this book a scrap of dirty paper, filled with figures. Nelson, immediately, upon seeing it, observed, that the figures were written by a Frenchman; and, after studying this for a while, said, "I can explain the whole. The jackets are

“ of French manufacture, and prove that
“ the privateer was in possession of the
“ enemy. She had been chased and taken
“ by the two ships that were seen in the
“ W. N. W. The prize master, going
“ on board in a hurry, forgot to take with
“ him his reckoning: there is none in the
“ log-book; and the dirty paper contains
“ her work for the number of days since
“ the privateer last left Corvo; with an
“ unaccounted-for run, which I take to
“ have been the chase, in his endeavour to
“ find out her situation by back reckonings.
“ By some mismanagement, I conclude,
“ she was run on board of by one of the
“ enemy’s ships, and dismasted. Not lik-
“ ing delay, (for I am satisfied that those
“ two ships were the advanced ones of the
“ French squadron,) and fancying we were
“ close at their heels, they set fire to the
“ vessel, and abandoned her in a hurry. If
“ this explanation be correct, I infer from
“ it, that they are gone more to the north-
“ ward; and more to the northward I will
“ look for them.” This course accordingly

he held, but still without success. Still persevering, and still disappointed, he returned near enough to Cadiz to ascertain that they were not there; traversed the Bay of Biscay; and then, as a last hope, stood over for the north-west coast of Ireland, against adverse winds, till, on the evening of the 12th of August, he learnt that they had not been heard of there. Frustrated thus in all his hopes, after a pursuit, to which, for its extent, rapidity, and perseverance, no parallel can be produced, he judged it best to reinforce the channel fleet with his squadron, lest the enemy, as Collingwood apprehended, should bear down upon Brest with their whole collected force. On the 15th he joined Admiral Cornwallis off Ushant. No news had yet been obtained of the enemy; and on the same evening he received orders to proceed, with the Victory and Superb, to Portsmouth.

CHAPTER IX.

CONTENTS.

Sir Robert Calder falls in with the combined Fleets.—

They form a Junction with the Ferrol Squadron and get into Cadiz.—Nelson is reappointed to the Command.—Battle of Trafalgar, Victory, and Death of Nelson.

AT Portsmouth, Nelson, at length, found news of the combined fleet. Sir Robert Calder, who had been sent out to intercept their return, had fallen in with them on the 22d of July, sixty leagues west of Cape Finisterre. Their force consisted of twenty sail of the line, three fifty gun ships, five frigates, and two brigs: his, of fifteen line of battle ships, two frigates, a cutter, and a lugger. After an action of four hours he had captured an 84 and a 74, and then thought it necessary to bring-to the squadron, for the purpose of securing their

prizes. The hostile fleets remained in sight of each other till the 26th, when the enemy bore away. The capture of two ships from so superior a force, would have been considered as no inconsiderable victory a few years earlier; but Nelson had introduced a new æra in our naval history; and the nation felt, respecting this action, as he had felt on a somewhat similar occasion. They regretted that Nelson, with his eleven ships, had not been in Sir Robert Calder's place; and their disappointment was generally and loudly expressed.

Frustrated as his own hopes had been, Nelson had yet the high satisfaction of knowing that his judgment had never been more conspicuously approved, and that he had rendered essential service to his country, by driving the enemy from those islands, where they expected there could be no force capable of opposing them. The West India merchants in London, as men whose interests were more immediately benefitted, appointed a deputation to express their thanks for his great and judicious exer-

tions. It was now his intention to rest awhile from his labours, and recruit himself, after all his fatigues and cares, in the society of those whom he loved. All his stores were brought up from the Victory; and he found in his house at Merton the enjoyment which he had anticipated. Many days had not elapsed before Captain Blackwood, on his way to London with despatches, called on him at five in the morning. Nelson, who was already dressed, exclaimed, the moment he saw him: "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall yet have to beat them!" They had refitted at Vigo, after the indecisive action with Sir Robert Calder; then proceeded to Ferrol, brought out the squadron from thence, and with it entered Cadiz in safety. "Depend on it, Blackwood," he repeatedly said, "I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." But, when Blackwood had left him, he wanted resolution to declare his wishes to Lady Hamilton and his sisters, and endeavoured to drive away the

thought.—He had done enough ; he said,—
“ Let the man trudge it who has lost his 5, 46
“ budget !” His countenance belied his
lips ; and as he was pacing one of the
walks in the garden, which he used to call
the quarter-deck, Lady Hamilton came up
to him, and told him she saw he was un-
easy. He smiled, and said : “ No, he was
“ as happy as possible ; he was surrounded
“ by his family, his health was better since
“ he had been on shore, and he would not
“ give sixpence to call the king his uncle.”
She replied, that she did not believe him,—
that she knew he was longing to get at
the combined fleets,—that he considered
them as his own property,—that he would
be miserable if any man but himself did
the business ; and that he ought to have
them, as the price and reward of his two
years’ long watching, and his hard chase.
“ Nelson,” said she, “ however we may
“ lament your absence, offer your services ;
“ —they will be accepted, and you will
“ gain a quiet heart by it : you will have a
“ glorious victory, and then you may return

“ here and be happy.” He looked at her with tears in his eyes :—“ Brave Emma !
“ —Good Emma !—If there were more
“ Emmas, there would be more Nelsons.”

His services were as willingly accepted as they were offered ; and Lord Barham, giving him the list of the navy, desired him to choose his own officers. “ Choose your-
“ self, my lord,” was his reply : “ the same
“ spirit actuates the whole profession : you
“ cannot choose wrong.” Lord Barham then desired him to say what ships, and how many, he would wish, in addition to the fleet which he was going to command, and said they should follow him as soon as each was ready. No appointment was ever more in unison with the feelings and judgment of the whole nation. They, like Lady Hamilton, thought that the destruction of the combined fleets ought properly to be Nelson’s work : that he, who had been

“ Half around the sea-girt ball,

The hunter of the recreant Gaul,”*

ought to reap the spoils of the chase, which

* Songs of Trafalgar.

he had watched so long, and so perseveringly pursued.

Unremitting exertions were made to equip the ships which he had chosen, and especially to refit the *Victory*, which was once more to bear his flag. Before he left London he called at his upholsterer's, where the coffin, which Capt. Hallowell had given him, was deposited; and desired that its history might be engraven upon the lid, saying, it was highly probable he might want it on his return. He seemed, indeed, to have been impressed with an expectation that he should fall in the battle. In a letter to his brother, written immediately after his return, he had said: "We must not talk of Sir Robert Calder's battle—I might not have done so much with my small force. If I had fallen in with them, you might probably have been a lord before I wished; for I know they meant to make a dead set at the *Victory*." Nelson had once regarded the prospect of death with gloomy satisfaction: it was when he anticipated the

upbraidings of his wife, and the displeasure of his venerable father. The state of his feelings now was expressed, in his private journal, in these words:—"Friday
" night, (Sept. 13.) at half-past ten, I
" drove from dear, dear Merton; where I
" left all which I hold dear in this world,
" to go to serve my king and country. May
" the great God, whom I adore, enable
" me to fulfil the expectations of my coun-
" try! and, if it is his good pleasure that I
" should return, my thanks will never
" cease being offered up to the throne of
" his mercy. If it is his good providence
" to cut short my days upon earth, I bow
" with the greatest submission; relying
" that he will protect those so dear to me,
" whom I may leave behind! His will be
" done. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Early on the following morning he reached Portsmouth; and, having despatched his business on shore, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a bye-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward, to

obtain sight of his face : many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes ; but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless ; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity ; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength ; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet, to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd ; and an officer, who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat ; for the people would not be debarred from gazing,

till the last moment, upon the hero—the darling hero of England!

He arrived off Cadiz on the 29th of September—his birth day. Fearing that, if the enemy knew his force, they might be deterred from venturing to sea, he kept out of sight of land, desired Collingwood to fire no salute, and hoist no colours; and wrote to Gibraltar, to request that the force of the fleet might not be inserted there in the Gazette. His reception in the Mediterranean fleet was as gratifying as the farewell of his countrymen at Portsmouth: the officers, who came on board to welcome him, forgot his rank as commander, in their joy at seeing him again. On the day of his arrival, Villeneuve received orders to put to sea the first opportunity. Villeneuve, however, hesitated, when he heard that Nelson had resumed the command. He called a council of war; and their determination was, that it would not be expedient to leave Cadiz, unless they had reason to believe themselves stronger by one-third than the British

force. In the public measures of this country secrecy is seldom practicable, and seldom attempted: here, however, by the precautions of Nelson, and the wise measures of the admiralty, the enemy were for once kept in ignorance; for, as the ships appointed to reinforce the Mediterranean fleet were despatched singly, each as soon as it was ready,—their collected number was not stated in the newspapers, and their arrival was not known to the enemy. But the enemy knew that Admiral Louis, with six sail, had been detached for stores and water to Gibraltar. Accident also contributed to make the French admiral doubt whether Nelson himself had actually taken the command. An American, lately arrived from England, maintained that it was impossible,—for he had seen him only a few days before in London; and, at that time, there was no rumour of his going again to sea.

The station which Nelson had chosen was some fifty or sixty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary's. At this

distance he hoped to decoy the enemy out, while he guarded against the danger of being caught with a westerly wind near Cadiz, and driven within the Straits. The blockade of the port was rigorously enforced, in hopes that the combined fleet might be forced to sea by want. The Danish vessels, therefore, which were carrying provisions from the French ports in the bay, under the name of Danish property, to all the little ports from Ayamonte to Algeziras, from whence they were conveyed in coasting boats to Cadiz, were seized. Without this proper exertion of power, the blockade would have been rendered nugatory, by the advantage thus taken of the neutral flag. The supplies from France were thus effectually cut off. There was now every indication that the enemy would speedily venture out: officers and men were in the highest spirits at the prospect of giving them a decisive blow: such, indeed, as would put an end to all further contest upon the seas. Theatrical amusements were performed every evening

in most of the ships : and God Save the King was the hymn with which the sports concluded. “ I very believe,” said Nelson, (writing on the 6th of October), “ that “ the country will soon be put to some ex- “ pence on my account ; either a monu- “ ment, or a new pension and honours ; for “ I have not the smallest doubt but that a “ very few days, almost hours, will put us “ in battle. The success no man can in- “ sure ; but for the fighting them, if they “ can be got at, I pledge myself.—The “ sooner the better : I don’t like to have “ these things upon my mind.”

At this time he was not without some cause of anxiety ; he was in want of frigates,—the eyes of the fleet as he always called them :—to the want of which, the enemy before were indebted for their escape, and Buonaparte for his arrival in Egypt. He had only twenty-three ships,—others were on the way,—but they might come too late ; and, though Nelson never doubted of victory, mere victory was not what he looked to, he wanted to annihilate the ene-

my's fleet. The Carthagenia squadron might effect a junction with this fleet on the one side ; and, on the other, it was to be expected that a similar attempt would be made by the French from Brest ; in either case a formidable contingency to be apprehended by the blockading force. The Rochefort squadron did push out, and had nearly caught the Agamemnon and l'Aimable, in their way to reinforce the British admiral. Yet Nelson at this time weakened his own fleet. He had the unpleasant task to perform of sending home Sir Robert Calder, whose conduct was to be made the subject of a court-martial, in consequence of the general dissatisfaction which had been felt and expressed at his imperfect victory. Sir Robert Calder, and Sir John Orde, Nelson believed to be the only two enemies whom he had ever had in his profession ;—and, from that sensitive delicacy which distinguished him, this made him the more scrupulously anxious to shew every possible mark of respect and kindness to Sir Robert. He wished to detain him till

after the expected action ; when the services which he might perform, and the triumphant joy which would be excited, would leave nothing to be apprehended from an inquiry into the previous engagement. Sir Robert, however, whose situation was very painful, did not choose to delay a trial, from the result of which he confidently expected a complete justification : and Nelson, instead of sending him home in a frigate, insisted on his returning in his own ninety gun ship ; ill as such a ship could at that time be spared. Nothing could be more honourable than the feeling by which Nelson was influenced ; but, at such a crisis, it ought not to have been indulged.

On the 9th Nelson sent Collingwood what he called, in his diary, the Nelson-touch. “ I send you,” said he, “ my plan
“ of attack, as far as a man dare venture
“ to guess at the very uncertain position
“ the enemy may be found in : but it is to
“ place you perfectly at ease respecting
“ my intentions, and to give full scope to

“ your judgment for carrying them into
“ effect. We can, my dear Coll, have no
“ little jealousies. We have only one great
“ object in view, that of annihilating our
“ enemies, and getting a glorious peace for
“ our country. No man has more confi-
“ dence in another than I have in you;
“ and no man will render your services
“ more justice than your very old friend
“ Nelson and Bronte.” The order of sail-
ing was to be the order of battle: the fleet
in two lines, with an advanced squadron
of eight of the fastest sailing two-deckers.
The second in command, having the entire
direction of his line, was to break through
the enemy, about the twelfth ship from their
rear: he would lead through the centre,
and the advanced squadron was to cut off
three or four ahead of the centre. This
plan was to be adapted to the strength of
the enemy, so that they should always be
one fourth superior to those whom they cut
off. Nelson said, “ That his admirals and
“ captains, knowing his precise object to
“ be that of a close and decisive action,

“ would supply any deficiency of signals,
“ and act accordingly. In case signals
“ cannot be seen or clearly understood, no
“ captain can do wrong if he places his
“ ship alongside that of an enemy.” One
of the last orders of this admirable man
was, that the name and family of every
officer, seaman, and marine, who might be
killed or wounded in action, should be, as
soon as possible, returned to him, in order
to be transmitted to the chairman of the
patriotic fund, that the case might be taken
into consideration, for the benefit of the
sufferer, or his family.

About half past nine in the morning of
the 19th, the Mars, being the nearest to
the fleet of the ships which formed the line
of communication with the frigates in shore,
repeated the signal, that the enemy were
coming out of port. The wind was at this
time very light, with partial breezes, mostly
from the S. S. W. Nelson ordered the
signal to be made for a chase in the south-
east quarter. About two, the repeating
ships announced, that the enemy were at

sea. All night the British fleet continued under all sail, steering to the south-east. At day-break they were in the entrance of the Straits, but the enemy were not in sight. About seven, one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the Victory hove to; and shortly afterwards Nelson made sail again to the northward. In the afternoon the wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the English began to fear that the foe might be forced to return to port. A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the Euryalus, telegraphed, that they appeared determined to go to the westward,—“ And “ that,” said the admiral in his diary, “ they shall not do, if it is in the power of “ Nelson and Bronte to prevent them.” Nelson had signified to Blackwood, that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy. They were observed so well, that all their motions were made known to him; and, as they wore twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as

they saw the British fleet: for this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night. At day-break the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the Victory's deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size, and weight of metal, than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese and little did the Spaniards, at that day, imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country.

Soon after day-light, Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October, was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Capt. Suckling in the Dreadnought, with two other line of battle ships, had

beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line, and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:

“ May the great God, whom I worship,
“ grant to my country, and for the benefit
“ of Europe in general, a great and glorious
“ victory, and may no misconduct in any
“ one tarnish it: and may humanity after
“ victory be the predominant feature in the
“ British fleet! For myself individually,
“ I commit my life to Him that made me;

“ and may his blessing alight on my en-
“ deavours for serving my country faithful-
“ ly! To Him I resign myself, and the
“ just cause which is intrusted to me to de-
“ fend. Amen, Amen, Amen.”

Having thus discharged his devotional duties, he annexed, in the same diary, the following remarkable writing :

“ *October 21st, 1805.—Then in sight of the*
“ *combined fleets of France and Spain,*
“ *distant about ten miles.*

“ Whereas the eminent services of Emma
“ Hamilton, widow of the Right Honour-
“ able Sir William Hamilton, have been of
“ the very greatest service to my king and
“ country, to my knowledge, without ever
“ receiving any reward from either our
“ king or country.

“ First, that she obtained the king of
“ Spain’s letter, in 1796, to his brother, the
“ King of Naples, acquainting him of his
“ intention to declare war against England;
“ from which letter the ministry sent out
“ orders to the then Sir John Jervis, to
“ strike a stroke, if opportunity offered,

“ against either the arsenals of Spain or
“ her fleets. That neither of these was
“ done, is not the fault of Lady Hamil-
“ ton; the opportunity might have been
“ offered.

“ Secondly: The British fleet under my
“ command could never have returned the
“ second time to Egypt, had not Lady
“ Hamilton’s influence with the Queen of
“ Naples caused letters to be wrote to the
“ governor of Syracuse, that he was to
“ encourage the fleet’s being supplied with
“ every thing, should they put into any
“ port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse,
“ and received every supply; went to
“ Egypt, and destroyed the French fleet.

“ Could I have rewarded these services,
“ I would not now call upon my country;
“ but as that has not been in my power, I
“ leave Emma Lady Hamilton therefore a
“ legacy to my king and country, that they
“ will give her an ample provision to main-
“ tain her rank in life.

“ I also leave to the beneficence of my
“ country my adopted daughter, Horati

“ Nelson Thompson ; and I desire she will
“ use in future the name of Nelson only.

“ These are the only favours I ask of my
“ king and country, at this moment when
“ I am going to fight their battle. May
“ God bless my king and country, and all
“ those I hold dear ! My relations it is
“ needless to mention : they will, of course,
“ be amply provided for.

“ NELSON AND BRONTE.”

“ Witness { HENRY BLACKWOOD.
 { T. M. HARDY.”

The child, of whom this writing speaks, was believed to be his daughter, and so, indeed, he called her the last time that he pronounced her name. She was then about five years old, living at Merton, under Lady Hamilton's care. The last minutes which Nelson passed at Merton, were employed in praying over this child, as she lay sleeping. A portrait of Lady Hamilton hung in his cabin ; and no Catholic ever beheld the picture of his patron saint with devouter reverence. The undisguised and romantic

passion with which he regarded it, amounted almost to superstition; and when the portrait was now taken down, in clearing for action, he desired the men who removed it, to “take care of his guardian angel.” In this manner he frequently spoke of it, as if he believed there were a virtue in the image. He wore a miniature of her, also, next his heart.

Blackwood went on board the Victory about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen: he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done: and Nelson, aware of all

the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seamen ; worthy of serving a better master, and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line ; every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied : " I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him, if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Capt. Blackwood made answer, that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These

words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory of England, shall endure;—Nelson's last signal:—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars, of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy, were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships; and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at.

They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty,* spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars: but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. “In honour I gained “them,” he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, “and in “honour I will die with them.” Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject, in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned.—but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson’s officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood, and

* In this part of the work I have chiefly been indebted to this gentleman’s Narrative of Lord Nelson’s Death—a document as interesting as it is authentic.

his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible ; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Temeraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail ; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the bay of Cadiz : our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the southwest. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy ; and their well-formed line, with their numerous three deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable ;—but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle ; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked

to each other, what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

The French admiral, from the *Bucen-taure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line; and, pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed, that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Capt. Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates; and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line of battle ships that he depended on their exertions; and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it im-

practicable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying, he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, "God bless you, Blackwood: I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz: the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the Royal Sovereign, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the Santa Anna, three decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side: "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain,

and exclaimed : “ Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here ! ” Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the Victory, to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him, where his captain was ? and was told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other. “ Terms ! ” said Nelson ; — “ good terms with each other ! ” Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham ; led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, “ Look ; yonder are the enemy ! ” bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the Victory, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-top-gallant sail ; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away.

The enemy shewed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason, the Santissima Trinidad, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the Victory to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the Victory. The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell; he was killed by a cannon shot while conversing with Hardy. Capt. Adair of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott: but he anxiously asked: "is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed: "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them: upon which Nelson immediately desired Capt. Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being to-

gether. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore brace bits on the quarter deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other, each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The Victory had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-top-mast, with all her studding sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared, that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve, she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships: Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port,

and the Victory ran on board the Redoubtable, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice; not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Capt. Harvey, in the Temeraire, fell on board the Redoubtable on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the Temeraire: so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the Victory, seeing this, depressed their guns of

the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through, and injure the *Temeraire*. And because there was danger that the *Redoutable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzle of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water; which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoutable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-

top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.—“They have done for me at last, Hardy!” said he.—“I hope not!” cried Hardy.—“Yes!” he replied; “my back-bone is shot through.” Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with

sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men ; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's birth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Capt. Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful : " For," said he, " you can do nothing for me."—All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurraed ; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and

marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Capt. Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: “will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!”—An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. “Well Hardy,” said Nelson, “how goes the day with us?”—“Very well,” replied Hardy; “ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and shew an intention to bear down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.”—“I hope,” said Nelson, “none of our ships have struck?” Hardy answered, “There was no fear of that.” Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. “I am

“ a dead man, Hardy,” said he : “ I am going fast :—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me.” Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. “ Oh no !” he replied : “ it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.” Capt. Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him ; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone ; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him : “ You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,”—putting his hand on his left side,—“ which tells me so,” And upon Beatty’s inquiring whether his pain was very great ? he replied, “ So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet,” said he, in a lower voice, “ one would like to live a little longer too !” And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added : “ What would become

“ of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!” Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Capt. Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned : and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly : but fourteen or fifteen at least. “ That’s well,” cried Nelson ; “ but “ I bargained for twenty.” And then, in a stronger voice, he said : “ Anchor, Hardy ; anchor.” Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. “ Not while “ I live, Hardy ;” said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed : “ Do you anchor.” His previous order for preparing to anchor had shewn how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, “ Don’t throw “ me overboard :” and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it

should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings : “ Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy : “ take care of poor Lady Hamilton.— “ Kiss me, Hardy.” said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek : and Nelson said, “ Now I am satisfied. Thank God, “ I have done my duty.” Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. “ Who is that ?” said Nelson ; and being informed, he replied, “ God bless you, “ Hardy.” And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said : “ I wish I had not “ left the deck ; for I shall soon be gone.” Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain : “ Doctor, I have “ *not* been a *great* sinner :” and after a short pause, “ Remember that I leave Lady “ Hamilton, and my daughter Horatia, as “ a legacy to my country.” His articulation now became difficult ; but he was distinctly heard to say, “ Thank God, I have

“done my duty!” These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, above fifty of the Victory's men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part were not idle; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizen-top of the Redoubtable. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound: he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quarter-master had seen him fire; and easily recognized him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quarter-master and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the Victory's poop;—the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But

the old quarter-master, as he cried out, "That's he—that's he," and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizen-top, and found him dead; with one ball through his head, and another through his breast.

The Redoubtable struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that time she had been twice on fire,—in her fore-chains and in her forecastle. The French, as they had done in other battles, made use, in this, of fire-balls, and other combustibles;—implements of destruction, which other nations, from a sense of honour and humanity, have laid aside; which add to the sufferings of the wounded, without determining the issue of the combat:—which none but the cruel would employ, and which never can be successful against the brave. Once they succeeded in setting fire, from the Redout-

able, to some ropes and canvass on the Victory's booms. The cry ran through the ship, and reached the cockpit: but even this dreadful cry produced no confusion: the men displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterized; they extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and then hastened to extinguish them in the enemy, by throwing buckets of water from the gangway. When the Redoubtable had struck, it was not practicable to board her from the Victory; for, though the two ships touched, the upper works of both fell in so much, that there was a great space between their gangways; and she could not be boarded from the lower or middle decks, because her ports were down. Some of our men went to Lieutenant Quilliam, and offered to swim under her bows, and get up there; but it was thought unfit to hazard brave lives in this manner.

What our men would have done from gallantry, some of the crew of the Santissima Trinidad did to save themselves. Un-

able to stand the tremendous fire of the Victory, whose larboard guns played against this great four decker, and not knowing how else to escape them, nor where else to betake themselves for protection, many of them leapt overboard, and swam to the Victory; and were actually helped up her sides by the English during the action. The Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than their unworthy allies, but they continued it with greater firmness. The Argonauta and Bahama were defended till they had each lost about four hundred men: the St. Juan Nepomuceno lost three hundred and fifty. Often as the superiority of British courage has been proved against France upon the seas, it was never more conspicuous than in this decisive conflict. Five of our ships were engaged muzzle to muzzle with five of the French. In all five, the Frenchmen lowered their lower-deck ports, and deserted their guns; while our men continued deliberately to load and fire, till they had made the victory secure.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had

expressed a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer;—doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation—that joy—that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard, a minute or two before he expired. The ships which were thus flying were four of the enemy's van, all French, under Rear-Admiral Dumanoir. They had borne no part in the action; and now, when they were seeking safety in flight, they fired not only into the Victory and Royal Sovereign as they passed, but poured their broadsides into the Spanish captured ships; and they were seen to back their top-sails, for the purpose of firing with more precision. The indignation of the Spaniards at this detestable cruelty from their allies, for whom they had fought so bravely, and so profusely bled, may well be conceived. It

was such, that when, two days after the action, seven of the ships which had escaped into Cadiz came out, in hopes of retaking some of the disabled prizes, the prisoners, in the *Argonauta*, in a body, offered their services to the British prize-master, to man the guns against any of the French ships: saying, that if a Spanish ship came alongside, they would quietly go below; but they requested that they might be allowed to fight the French, in resentment for the murderous usage which they had suffered at their hands. Such was their earnestness, and such the implicit confidence which could be placed in Spanish honour, that the offer was accepted, and they were actually stationed at the lower deck guns. Dumanoir and his squadron were not more fortunate than the fleet from whose destruction they fled: they fell in with Sir Richard Strachan, who was cruising for the Rochefort squadron, and were all taken. In the better days of France, if such a crime could then have been committed, it would have received an exemplary punish-

ment from the French government: under Buonaparte, it was sure of impunity, and, perhaps, might be thought deserving of reward. But, if the Spanish court had been independent, it would have become us to have delivered Dumanoir and his captains up to Spain, that they might have been brought to trial, and hanged in sight of the remains of the Spanish fleet.

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to 1587. Twenty of the enemy struck;—unhappily the fleet did not anchor, as Nelson, almost with his dying breath, had enjoined;—a gale came on from the south-west; some of the prizes went down, some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz; others were destroyed; four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions. The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore, an assurance being given that they should not serve till regularly exchanged; and the Spaniards, with a generous feeling, which would not, perhaps, have been found in any other people, offered the use of their hospitals for

our wounded, pledging the honour of Spain that they should be carefully attended there. When the storm, after the action, drove some of the prizes upon the coast, they declared that the English, who were thus thrown into their hands, should not be considered as prisoners of war; and the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds to their shipwrecked enemies. The Spanish vice-admiral, Alva, died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent to England, and permitted to return to France. The French government say that he destroyed himself on the way to Paris, dreading the consequences of a court martial: but there is every reason to believe that the tyrant, who never acknowledged the loss of the battle of Trafalgar, added Villeneuve to the numerous victims of his murderous policy.

It is almost superfluous to add, that all the honours which a grateful country could bestow, were heaped upon the memory of Nelson. His brother was made an earl, with a grant of £6000 a year; £10,000 were voted to each of his sisters; and

£ 100,000 for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument. Statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities. The leaden coffin, in which he was brought home, was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson,—so the gunner of the Victory called them:—and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors, who assisted at the ceremony, with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale; as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken

into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed: new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore from any selfish reflexion upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed, would have wakened the church bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and “old men from the chimney corner,” to

look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas: and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the

martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England: a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them; verifying, in this sense, the language of the old mythologist:

Τοι μὲν δαίμονες εἰσι, Διὸς μεγαλὰ διαβέλας
Ἑσθλοὶ, ἐπιχθόνιοι, φυλάκες θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων.

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The Printer having a few pages of the last sheet unoccupied, it occurred to the PUBLISHER that the readers of the "Life of Nelson," would not be displeased to see them filled up with a Monody on his Death, written while the event was yet recent, and commonly attributed to a gentleman high in office, and distinguished no less by his public services than his transcendent abilities.

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ULM & TRAFALGAR.

WHILE Austria's yielded armies, vainly brave,
Mov'd, in sad pomp, by Danube's blood-stain'd wave,
Aloft, where Ulm o'erlooks the circling flood,
'Midst captive Chiefs the insulting Victor stood,
With mock regret War's fatal chance deplor'd,
And sham'd with taunts the triumphs of his sword.
Then, as the mounting fury fir'd his brain,
Blind with rash hope, with fancied conquests vain,

In rage of hate, and insolence of pow'r,
(O luckless vaunt! O most ill-chosen hour!)
O'er England's seas his new dominion plann'd,—
While the red bolt yet flam'd in NELSON's hand!
That hand, which erst, by Nile's affrighted tide,
Smote with dread fire the godless Warrior's pride,
And strew'd his blazing wrecks on Egypt's shore—
Exhausted Europe, by the distant roar;
Rous'd from her trance, her shatter'd force combin'd,
And half-redeem'd the freedom of mankind.
But ah! too soon th' imperfect efforts cease,
And fainting nations sleep in deathlike peace.
—Not long:—Once more to vex the troubled times,
Flash'd with the triumph of successful crimes,
With Rapine's ravening eagles wide unfurl'd,
Behold! the fell Disturber of the World,
Scourge of the weak, and terror of the strong,
With unresisted legions pours along,
O'er trembling States to stretch his iron reign,
And wrest by force what fraud had fail'd to gain!

Earth all his own—(so feigns his fabling pride!
Thrones of the North! be yet that boast belied!)
Earth all his own—in hope, he dares profane
With impious grasp, the sceptre of the main:—
But *England* heard the vaunt, and *Nelson* made it vain.

NELSON once more, (though, taught by him, we own
The thanks, the triumph, due to Heaven alone,)

Once more the chosen instrument of good,
Fix'd on the waves, and 'stablish'd on the flood,
His country's rights :—but seal'd them with his blood.
O price, his conquering Country griev'd to pay !
O dear-bought glories of Trafalgar's day !

Lamented Hero ! when to Britain's shore
Exulting fame those awful tidings bore,
Joy's bursting shout in whelming grief was drown'd,
And Victory's self unwilling audience found ;
On every brow the cloud of sadness hung,
The sounds of triumph died on every tongue !

Not joy thus doubtful, sadness thus sincere,
Shall grace, erewhile, the Tyrant-Conqueror's bier :—
Whether with indiscriminating sweep
The scythe of war, amid the mangled heap,
Shall lay him low ;—or lone, corroding care,
Without one heart to pity, or to share,
Mid cheerless toils of solitary sway,
Shall waste his withering frame with slow decay ;
Come when it will, from Heav'n's all-righteous hand,
To save, or to avenge, each injur'd land,
Nations shall kneel to bless the welcome doom ;
And France, unfetter'd, trample on his tomb.

But thee, lov'd Chief ! what genuine griefs bemoan !
Fleets, Cities, Camps ; the Cottage and the Throne !

Round thy throng'd hearse those mingling sorrows
 flow,
And seek faint solace in a pomp of woe!

Yet not the vows thy weeping Country pays,
Not that high meed, thy mourning Sovereign's praise;
Not, that the Great, the Beauteous, and the Brave
Bend, in mute reverence, o'er thy closing grave;
That with such grief as bathes a kindred bier,
Collective Nations mourn a death so dear;—
Not these alone shall soothe thy sainted Shade,
And consecrate the spot where Thou art laid!
Not these alone. But, bursting through the gloom,
With radiant glory from thy trophied tomb,
The sacred splendour of thy deathless name
Shall grace and guard thy Country's martial fame.
Far-seen, shall blaze the unextinguish'd ray,
A mighty beacon, lighting Glory's way;
With living lustre this proud Land adorn,
And shine, and save, through ages yet unborn!

By that pure fire, before that hallow'd tomb,
Heroes and chiefs in valour's opening bloom,
Frequent, in solemn pilgrimage, shall stand,
And vow to prize, like Thee, their native land
With pious ardour thy bright course pursue,
And bid thy blended virtues live anew:—
Thy skill to plan; thy enterprize to dare;
Thy might to strike; thy clemency to spare

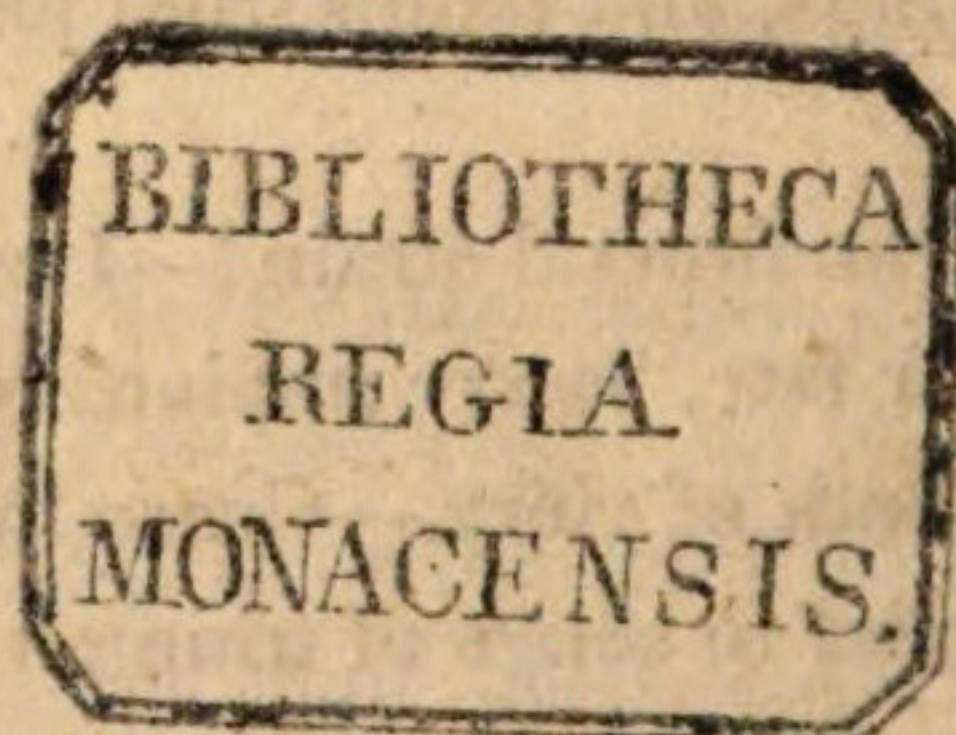
That zeal, in which no thought of self had part,
But thy lov'd country fill'd up all thy heart;
'That conscious worth, from pride, from meanness free,
And manners mild as guileless infancy;
The scorn of worldly wealth; the thirst of fame
Unquenchable; the blush of generous shame;
And bounty's genial flow, and friendship's holy flame!

And sure, if e'er the Spirits of the Blest
Still fondly cherish, in the realms of rest,
Their human passions; thine are still the same;
Thy zeal for England's safety and her fame!
And when in after-times, with vain desire,
Her baffled foes in restless hate conspire
From her fair brow the' unfading wreath to tear,
Thy hand,—and hands like thine,—have planted there;
Thou, sacred Shade! in battle hovering near,
Shalt win coy Victory from her golden sphere,
To float aloft, where England's ensign flies,
With angel wings, and palms from paradise!

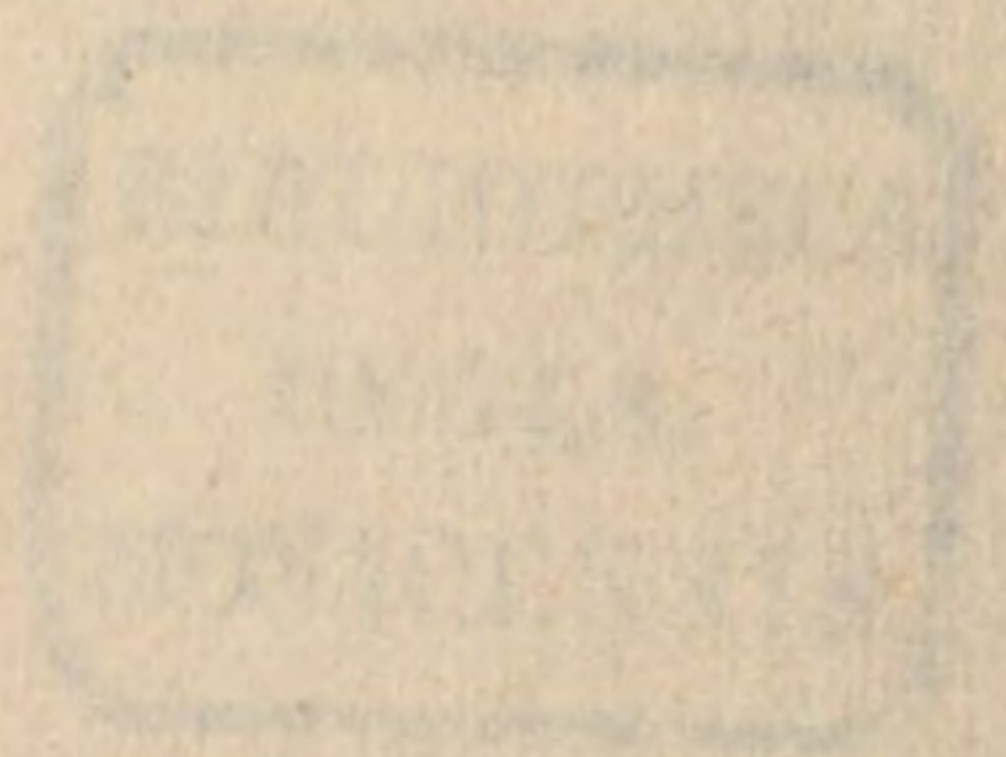
Cease then the funeral strain!—Lament no more,
Whom, ripe for fate, 'twere impious to deplore;
He died the death of glory.—Cease to mourn,
And cries of grief to songs of triumph turn!
—Ah, no!—Awhile, ere reason's voice o'erpow'rs
The fond regret that weeps a loss like ours.
Though thine own gallant spirit, wise as brave,
Begg'd of kind Heav'n th' illustrious end It gave;

Though rival chiefs, while fondly they recall
Thy storied combats, and thy glorious fall,
Count with just pride thy laurels as they bloom,
But envy less thy triumphs than thy tomb;—
Yet, yet, awhile the natural tear may flow,
Nor cold reflection chide the chastening woe;
Awhile uncheck'd the tide of sorrow swell:—
Thou bravest, gentlest Spirit! fare thee well!—

THE END.

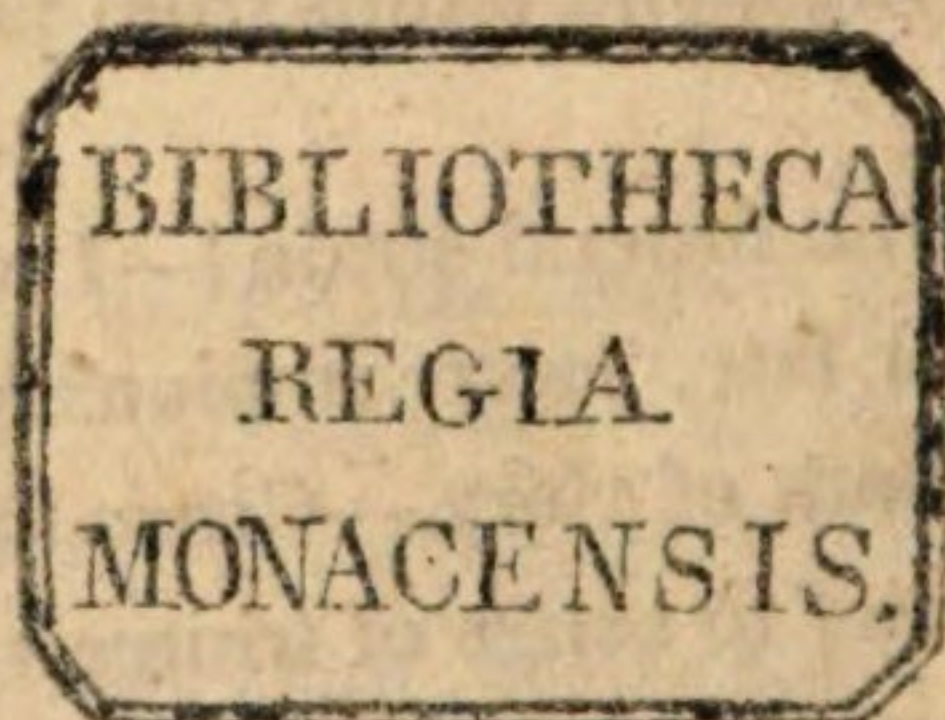


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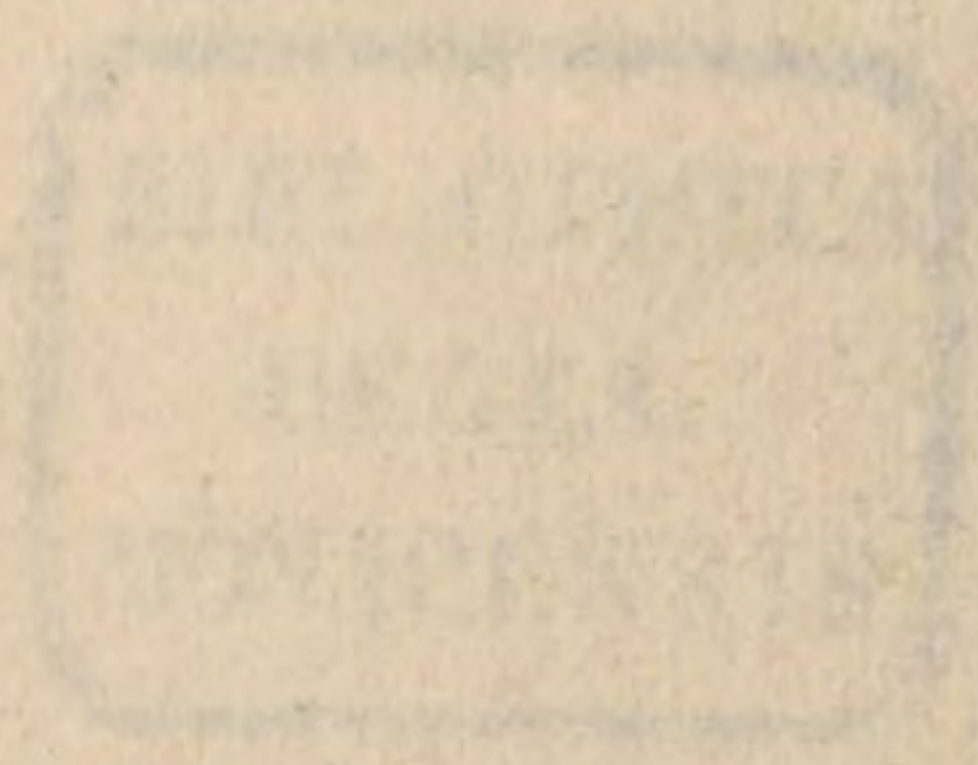
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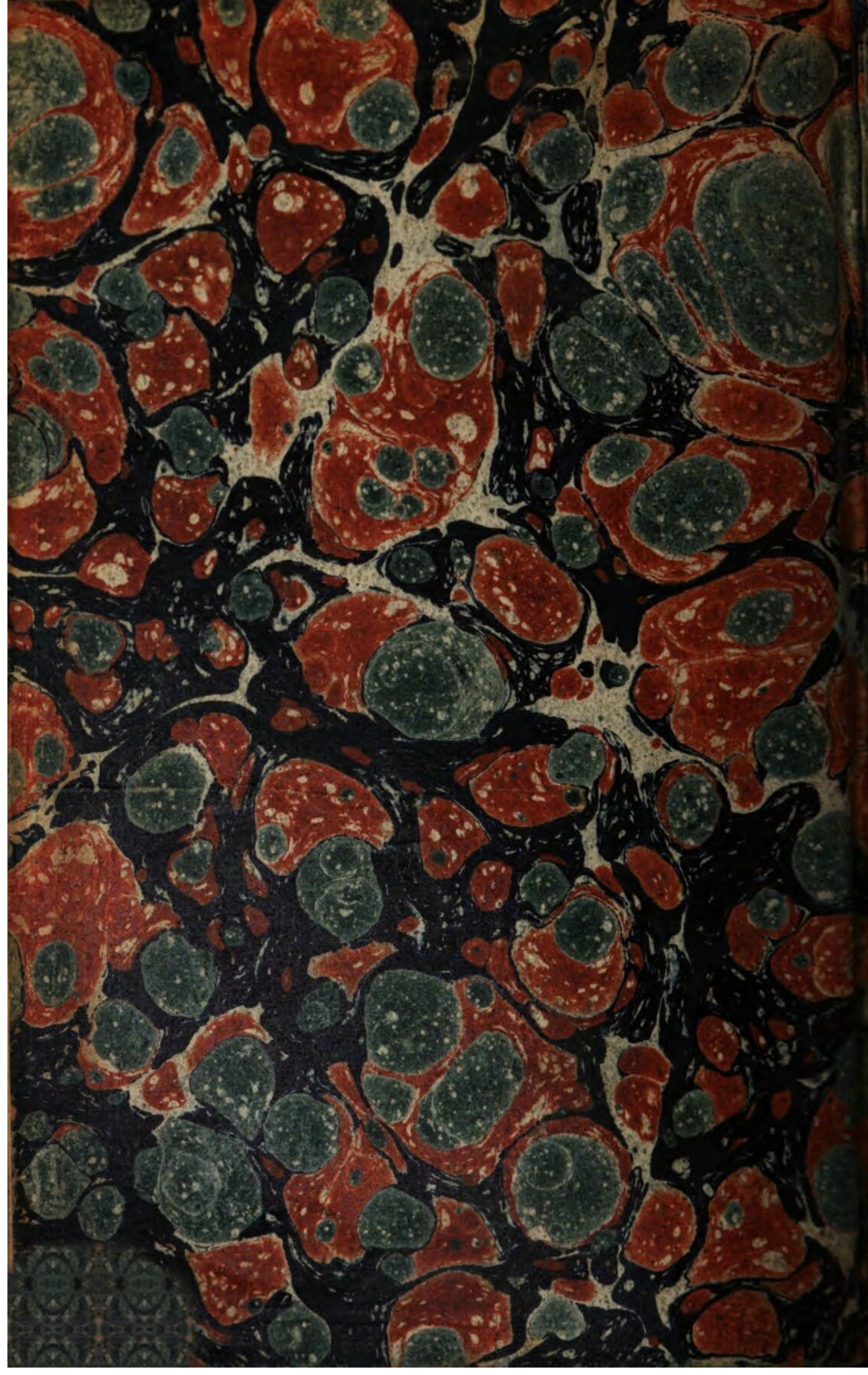
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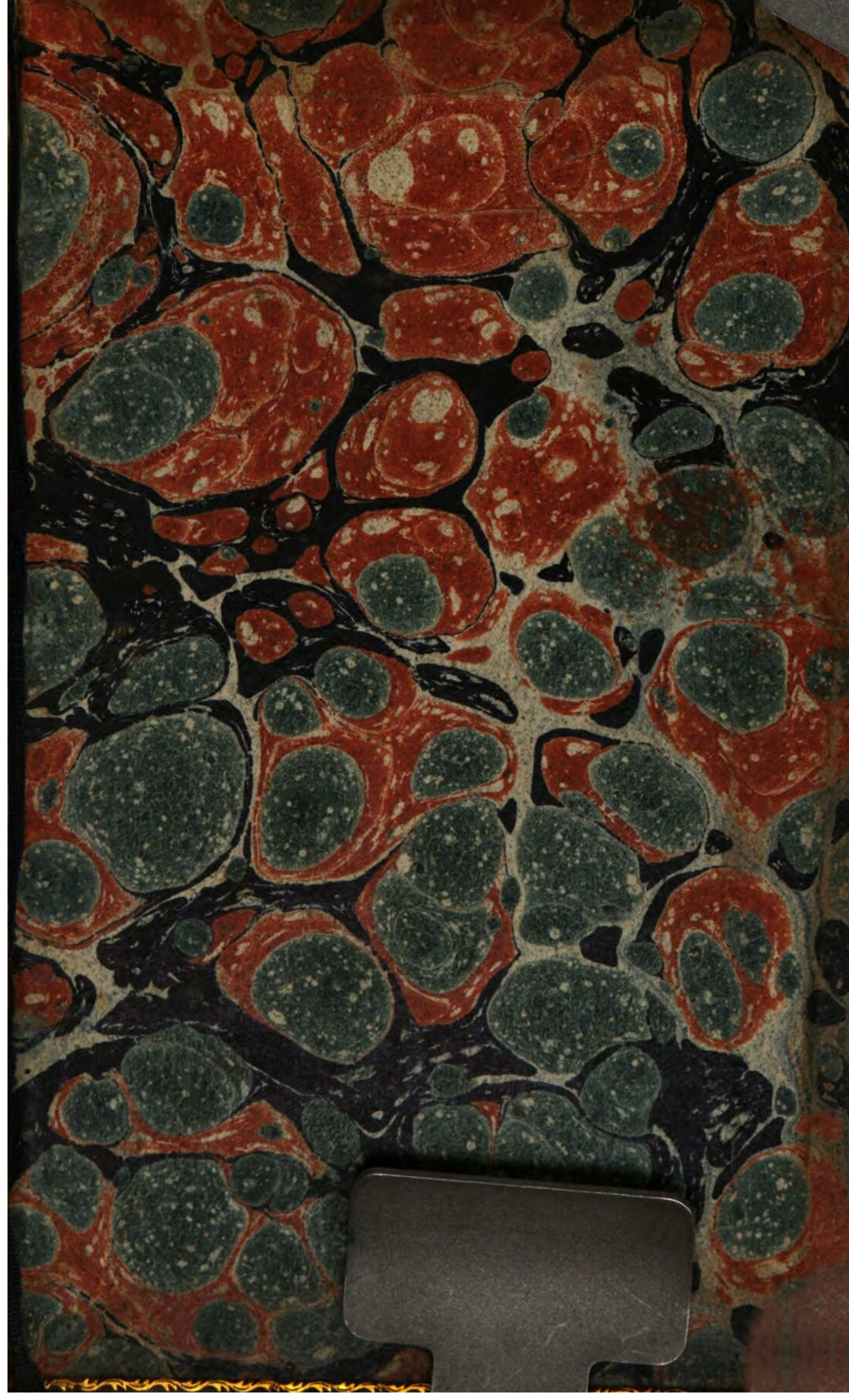
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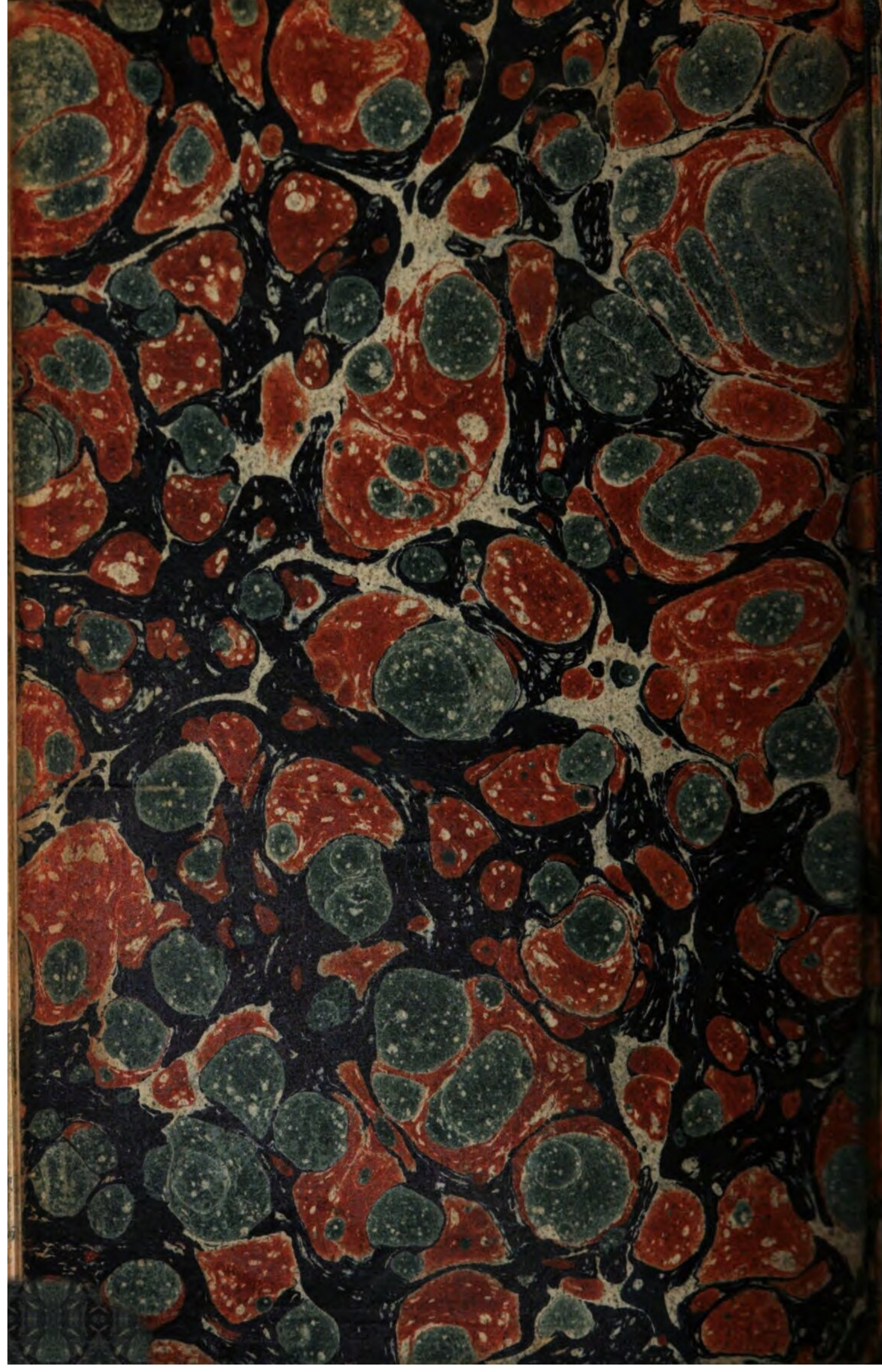
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